THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII | Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Monday, December 1, 1913 | Number 95

PEDAGOGUES COMING SOON

County Institute Will Begin on Monday, December 15

PROGRAM OF THE SESSIONS

Instructors of State-Wide Reputation Teach the Teachers and Discuss Educational Matters Generally—Splendid Entertainments Provided for the Evenings, With Fine Music.

The following is the program of the Clearfiled county teacherS' institute, which will open in the opera house, Clearfield, December 15 and close on the 19th.

Monday, December 15, 1:30 P. M.
Devotional Exercises Rev. Bender
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship
Music.
Instruction Dr. Hulley
Music.

Monday Evening, 8:30.
Lecture—"Tragedies of The Unprepared." —Thomas Brooks Fletcher.

Tuesday, December 16, 9 A. M.
Devotional Exercises, Rev. Allenbach
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Deffenbaugh
Music.
Instruction Dr. Hulley
Music.
Instruction Dr. Winship

Tuesday, 1:30 P. M.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Deffenbaugh
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.

Tuesday Evening, 8:30.
Concert, "Concert Choir".

Wednesday, December 17, 9 A. M.
Devotional Exercises, Rev. Reeve.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Deffenbaug
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.

Wednesday 1:30 P. M.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Deffenbaugh
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship.

Wednesday, Evening, 8:30.
Lecture—"America Facing the Far East," Dr. John Merritte Driver.

Thursday, December 18, 9 A. M.
Devotional Exercises, Rev. Reeves.
Music.
Instruction, Prof. Zaner.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship.

Thursday, 1:30 P. M.
Music.
Instruction, Prof. Zaner
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.

Thursday Evening, 8:30.
The Weatherwax Brothers Quartette

Friday, December 19, 9 A. M.
Devotional Exercises, Rev. John.
Music.
Election of Officers.
Instruction, Prof. Zaner.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship.

The instructors for this institute are:

Dr. A. E. Winship, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley, Stetson University, De Land, Fla.

Dr W. S. Deffenbaugh, U. S. Dept. of Education, Washington, D. C

Prof. C. P. Zaner, Zanarian School of Penmanship, of Columbus, Ohio.

Prof. J. W. Yoder, Huntingdon, Pa.

The evening entertainers are: Thomas Brooks Fletcher, Cathedral Choir, Dr. John Merritte Driver, and The Weatherwax Brothers Quartette.

Music will be in charge of Prof. J. W. Yoder, conductor and Miss Alice Smith, pianist.

Executive Institute.

The County W. C. T. U. executive institute will be held at Curwensville, in the Presbyterian church, on Tuesday, Dec. 2. It will be an all day meeting and all who are interested are requested to be present.

Leased Hyde City Hotel.

Chief of Police McHenry has leased the Hyde City hotel and will take charge of that hostelry in a short time.

SINGLETON BELL'S EXPENSES

Paid Out Over $2200 in the Judgeship Campaign.

Singleton Bell, Esq., on Saturday filed the account of his expenditures in the recent judgship contest. Mr. Bell states that he received contrributions amounting to $530, and paid out approximately $2259.05.

The items in Mr. Bell's account include transportation, dissemination of information, printing, etc. He paid $460 for postage and $185 for clerical work.

CIVIL COURT

The frist week of civil court opene at 10 o'clock this morning with Judge Smith on the bench and the uusual arrray of attorneys.

The morning session was taken up with petitions, motions and other preliminary to the regular businses.

The list of causes was read over and only one case, that of Lloyd Harris vs. H. B. Swoope, assumpsit, was marked for trial today.

DR. BENNETT'S FUNERAL

Body Will be Laid by Side of Wife and Son Ash.

The funeral of Dr. Ash Bennett, who died last Saturday, will be held from the residence of his son, Dr. F. Gureney Bennett, on Market street tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be made in Hillcrest cemetery, where his wife and son, Ash, Jr., are buried.

W. I Bennett, the son who resides in Nebraska, has been heard from and is expected to reach Clearfield tonight or tomorrow morning.

AMERICAN CAN CO. SUED AS A TRUST

U. S. Files Suit In Baltimore to Dissolve Corporation.

Baltimore, Dec. 1.—A suit charging conspiracy and violation of the Sherman antitrust law was filed in the United States district court here by the federal government against the American Can company and thirty-four alleged subsidiaries, a number of them Baltimore concerns. The petition asks that the American Can company be dissolved and that the other companies be split into units of a number to be decided by the court.

The writ was brought to Baltimore and delivered to United States District Attorney John Philip Hill by Special Assistant William T. Chantland of the department of justice. It is filed with Judge John C. Rose.

The suit rivals in importance that of the "bathtub trust," which was also brought in Baltimore. The defendants named are: The American Can company, the Sanitary Can company, the Missouri Can company, the Martin Wagner company, the Boston Wharf company, the Max Ams Machine company, the Freeman Duncan Transfer and Realty company, the Hawaiian Pineapple company, limited, the American Sheet and Tin Plate company, Daniel G. Reid and twenty-six other individuals.

The complaint alleges that the defendants restrain interstate and foreign trade in tin cans and are attempting to monopolize the same.

In the latter part of 1901, the petition alleges, a conspiracy was formed among J Hobart Moore, William Henry Moore, Daniel G. Reid, Fred S Wheeler, Henry W. Phelps, William T. Graham, George G. McMurtry and D. Wiley McCaughey for the purpose of restraining trade in the United States by creating a single corporation with large capitalization and buying or leasing the greater portion of the can and can making machinery in the United States.

STEAL $70,000 MAIL POUCH.

Robbers Leave Empty Bag Beside the Track In South Bend.

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 1.—Mail valued at at between $30,000 and $70,000, stolen from an eastbound Michigan Central railroad train near Dowagiac, Mich., was traced to South Bend. No trace of the thieves or missing valuables, however, was found.

The empty mail pouch, according to local postal authorities, was found near the Lake Shore railroad station in this city. The police were notified and are assisting the postal authorities.

Part of the Dressing.

"Hey, waiter," said the fat man; "there's a button in this soup!"

"A button!" exclaimed the waiter. "Oh, yes, sir! We always make our soups out of dressed beef, sir."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WILSON TO READ MESSAGE TUESDAY

Expected to Deal With Mexico and Trust Problem.

REGULAR SESSION BEGINS.

What Was Accomplished During Extra Term and What Is Expected at New Session—Currency and Trusts Perplexing Problems—President's Attitude on Trust Regulation a Secret.

Washington, Dec. 1.—President Wilson's message, which will be sent to congress on the second day of the regular session, is anxiously awaited. It is expected that he will deal with the several matters of vital importance to the welfare of the nation. Chief among these is the Mexican crisis. The trust question and the Sherman law are to be discussed, it is said, with recommendations for changes. Mr. Wilson will also urge immediate passage of a currency bill.

His attitude on the Mexican situation has been clearly defined by previous statements, and his message is expected to reiterate his belief that, if given time, Huerta will break his own neck.

It is likely that he will urge the senate to pass the administration currency bill.

The extra session of the house of representatives ended Saturday at noon.

Longest Extra Session In History.

This has been the longest continuous extra session in the history of congress. With the Democrats in control of both houses congress has passed the lower tariff bill with its provision for an income tax. The house has passed the currency bill, but the senate is still considering it.

Although President Wilson urged the congress to hold itself to the two chief projects—tariff and currency—several other matters of importance have been considered. One was the Newlands law for mediation and conciliation in labor disputes. Under this enactment federal arbitrators were able to avert the threatened strike of trainmen on eastern railroads last summer.

The abolishment of the United States commerce court also was accomplished through an amendment to the deficiency appropriation bill. Another appropriation bill "rider" took out of the classified civil service most of the deputy United States marshals and deputy collectors of internal revenue. Exemption of labor unions from prosecution under the antitrust laws, so far as certain certain funds were concerned, also was accomplished.

The investigating activities of the special session were confined chiefly to lobbying. The lobby inquiry was brought about by the revelations of Colonel Mulhall. There was also an inquiry of the strike in the West Virginia coal fields. The special committees that made these investigations will not report until early next year.

Wilson's Policy a Secret.

Whatever antitrust legislation may be enacted at the forthcoming regular legislative session will be based on ideas which have the approval of President Wilson. Oddly enough, practically nothing is known of the trust policy the president will advocate. Even those who are closely associated with him appear to be in the dark. Mr. Wilson has kept his own counsel.

Reports that the president would base his antitrust recommendations on the so called "seven sisters" bills which were enacted by the New Jersey legislature during the closing months of his term as governor have no foundation traceable to the president himself. In fact, the president has indicated clearly that he has learned much on the subject of controlling combinations since he came to Washington that has brought him to an attitude of an open mind on the subject. He has said that while the seven sisters laws embodied his views their application was to conditions within a state, and he realized that other conditions pertained in the country at large and might require a different method of handling.

Furthermore, the president has shown a disposition to hold in abeyance the formulation of any definite policy pertaining to corporations, and it is evident that he does not intend to lay down the principles upon which he will stand until after he has taken counsel with party leaders.

Not Hounding Corporations.

The Wilson administration has shown no disposition to enter on a drastic and farreaching policy of prosecuting corporations. There has been no lack of prosecutions after evidence has been prepared, but the department of justice has not undertaken to run amuck in proceeding under the law, and there is every reason to believe that it will continue this comparatively conservative course. It is assumed in official circles that policy followed by Attorney General McReynolds has the sympathy of President Wilson. Mr. McReynolds inherited many trust suits which his predecessor started, and these are being handled as rapidly as possible. In only one respect has the attorney general shown a disposition to differ in a major sense from the course pursued by his immediate predecessor in antitrust cases.

FIREMAN SUFFERS STROKE

New York Central Fireman Taken Ill on Engine.

Sunday night J. V. Hepburn, of the West Side, a fireman on the New York Central railroad, was seized with apoplexy while on his engine coming to Clearfield.

Hepburn had hold of one of the stanchions on the engine cab when attacked and when his condition was discovered his fingers had to be pried from the iron rod.

He was taken to his home and a physician attended him.

Gave Bail for Court.

The negro who ran amuck with D. W. Anderson's automobile on Saturday gave bail for his appearance at court on the charge of running a car while he was in an intoxicated condition.

To Plan Reception.

The auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. will meet Tuesday, Dec. 2, at the Y. M. C. A. building. All members are requested to be present to make arrangements for a reception for the new officers; secretary and physical director, also the annual supper.

HOUSEKEEPER GETS ALL OF PROPERTY

Alfonso Logan Wills Everything to Blanche Livingston

The last will and testament of the late Alfonso F. Logan was presented Saturday for probate. The document is not a lengthy one, and is dated October 10, 1913.

Mr. Logan disposes of his property as follows:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath all my property, real, personal and mixed, wherever the same may be found or whatever kind the same may be unto Ola Blanche Livingston, my housekeeper, of the borough of Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa., or unto her heirs, executors and administrators.

"I give this to her, the said Ola Blanche Livingston, because she has been kind to me and took good care of me."

J. Ward Logan, son of Alfred Logan, and J. R. Logan, son of Harry Logan, nephews of the late Alfonso Logan, have filed with the register and recorder notice protesting the probating of their uncle's will, and unless this protest is withdrawn or otherwise disposed of the will will not be probated.

It is stated that the value of Mr. Logan's property will amount to about $2,000.

He Has Two Signatures.

There is one New York business man who is reasonably proof against the forger, as he has two signatures, and the forger must first get hold of one of his bank checks to get any action. Seeing the signature on a letter or hotel register would do the forger no good. The bank would not recognize it. "I don't particularly fear the forger," the business man admitted, "but my two signatures make me feel safer just the same. I am surprised that everybody doesn't hit on the same plan. It's very easy after you get the knack of signing your name two separate and distinct ways."—New York Globe.

Source of His Information.

"This story of yours is all right," said the editor, "but your description of the hero's automobile is simply impossible. If there was an automobile made as perfect as the one you describe I'd buy one tomorrow. Where in the world did you get your ideas?"

"That was easy," replied the author, "I got my friend Bragley to describe his new car."—Judge.

Ireland.

The population of Ireland in 1841 was 251 to the square mile; now it is 144 only.

Stenographer Wanted—Young man who is efficient in stenography and typewriting may secure a good position by applying at the office of the Chamber of Commerce of Clearfield. Nov. 29. 3t.

HUERTA MAY QUIT IF PRICE IS RIGHT

Said to Be Ready to Yield if Given Big Sum.

WOULD LEAVE THE COUNTRY

O'Shaughnessy Sees Japanese Minister and Moheno, and Latter Visits Lind at Vera Cruz—British Naval Officer, Though Senior in Rank, Accepts Leadership of Rear Admiral Fletcher.

Washington, Dec. 1.—Every event in Mexico is working toward a successful consummation of President Wilson's plan of forcing Huerta to eliminate himself, according to officials of the administration, who stated that the abdication of Huerta is expected daily.

Official dispatches indicate that Huerta has expressed a willingness to retire. The reports added that what was giving Huerta most concern was his future. The Constitutionalists have sworn that they will execute him without trial if they capture him.

Huerta, while recognized as being devoid of physical fear, is said to be willing to leave the country if provided with sufficient money to keep him the rest of his life.

Envoys Hold Conferences.

There are officials here who believe that the conference between O'Shaughnessy and the Japanese minister, and O'Shaughnessy and Minister of Foreign Affairs Moheno, and the latter's trip to Vera Cruz to consult with John Lind, the president's personal representative, have to do with the abdication of Huerta and the relief of the financial stringency in Mexico.

Not only is Huerta feeling the financial strain, but the utilities belonging to the government are suffering. The interest on recent loans to the railroads, all of which are government controlled, is due. About $400,000 is needed at once to pay off this interest. American and English bankers are behind the loans made to the railroads. It is said Huerta will not be aided through the payment of this interest, and, at the same time, it will prevent the roads from becoming bankrupt. It is not known whether any of the conferences have anything to do with the railroads.

There will be no further action with regard to the issuance of new instructions to O'Shaughnessy and Lind until Monday.

Rebels Still Control.

Reports from Tuxpan and Tampico indicated that conditions in those places are quiet, although there is a tightness of money. The revolutionists still are in possession of the oil wells belonging to the Aguila Oil company, the Pearson or Cowdray concern. No damage has been done the property, and General Aguilar the rebel commander, says none will be, but that the wells will be guarded to prevent the railroads used by the federal government from obtaining fuel.

Late dispatches from Tuxpan state that Admiral Fletcher, commanding the American ships, is still there, although the battleship New Hampshire and cruiser Chester have started for Vera Cruz.

The report of friction between Rear Admiral Fletcher and Rear Admiral Cradock, the commander of the British warship Suffolk, was denied at the state and navy departments. It was said that Admiral Fletcher reported that Admiral Cradock had placed himself under Admiral Fletcher, though ranking him in point of seniority, and would follow the latter's suggestions.

No marines will be landed by the foreign warships. Admiral Fletcher has had instructions to permit the landing of American marines and bluejackets only.

WRECK IN ITALY, SEVEN DEAD

Senators and Deputies Aboard Train That Crashes Into Locomotive.

Rome, Dec. 1.—The evening express bound from Rome for Naples ran into a locomotive at Ceccano, and seven passengers were killed and twenty-five wounded.

Several senators and deputies who were returning south after a sitting of parliament were on board the express, but none of them was hurt.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

John E. Soper, fifty-six, a builder in Ozone Park, N. Y., died there at his home

Agnes G. Rose, prominent worker of St. Paul's School For Boys, died at her home in Brooklyn.

Frank M. Bacon, forty-nine, wealthy retired floor contractor, died suddenly at Boston. He lived in Brooklyn.

James Murtha, sixty, engineer at the city pumping station at Ridgewood, N. Y., died at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

William G. Brett, retired shipping agent and vessel owner, died in Brooklyn. He belonged to the Maritime and New York Stock exchanges.

SWEDEN'S PRINCESS.

Rift In Royal Household May Broaden and Cause Separation and Divorce.

There are rumors abroad that the young and beautiful wife of Prince William of Sweden may be separated from her husband by divorce. The prince is the second son of King Gustave of Sweden and is twenty-nine years old. She is twenty-three and before her marriage was Grand Duchess Marie Paylonna, daughter of Grand Duke Paul Alexander Alexandrovitch of Russia and cousin of the czar. The couple have one child four years old. This is the latest photograph of the princess and her son.

CONGRESS TRIES TO LOWER LIVING COST

Seeks to Punish Those Responsible For High Prices.

Washington, Dec. 1.—Official opinion in Washington as expressed by cabinet officers and members of the senate and house, is that the government must at once take energetic steps to bring down the high cost of living.

Secretary Daniels has refused to accept the arbitrary prices demanded by the trusts both for food and steel supplies for the navy. He has brought them to terms by going into the open market. The public demands that it be given similar opportunity.

Already aggressive measures have been taken, and the people are soon to witness a real prosecution of those who artificially have boosted the cost of foodstuffs.

"The beef trust recently attempted to levy tribute on the navy," said Secretary Daniels, "and I refused to permit the extortion. "We made a contract with the Australian packers and saved a neat sum for the navy. The same conditions confronted us in the matter of certain supplies for our ships. The bids of the steel trust were thrown out and negotiations opened with foreign manufacturers until we obtained genuine competition."

The department of justice under Attorney General McReynolds already has set its agents at work in New York and Chicago. Special Agent Offley at the former city is engaged in investigating the egg corner, while Agent Dewoody at Chicago is searching out the activities of the beef trust in maintaining cold storage evils.

Tribute to the Dog.

Whether a dog is the best friend of man cannot be answered by me, but of all the animals which have become domesticated the dog has been shown to be the only one that never knows the difference of caste, class, wealth or habitation. The shriveling, half starved dog, clinging to the wasted tollers in the humblest abode of a hungry family, will never forsake to go next door to the family that has the blue ribboned, silver belled poodle or the fuzz wrapped collie.—Colonel John H. Lewis.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston announced that he is a candidate for reelection. He forwarded his nomination papers to the election commissioners.

Henry Spencer, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Mildred Allison-Rexroat, a Chicago tango instructor, was sentenced by Judge Sluszer to be hanged on Dec. 19.

Three passenger express trains and four fast freight trains were held up over half an hour on the Pennsylvania railroad at Moore's Station, Pa., by a rat. The pest ate the insulation from signal wires.

The mysterious disappearance of an alarm clock from the home of William Neighbors was solved when a goat was rudely awakened by the gong in his stomach. This story hails from St. Louis.

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Monday, December 1.

COMING EVENTS.

Bazaar, Y. M. C. A. hall, Dec. 6.
County Institute, Dec. 15-19.
Trinity Ladies Aid business meeting, Dec. 4.
Y. M. C. A Womans Auxiliary meet to arrange for reception, Dec. 2.

Good evening! Still in the throes of flitting; we'll be out of the turmoil in a short time. Be patient.

ORGANIZING THE STATE

At a recent meeting of chairmen of the Washington party, held at Harrisburg, arrangements were made for the organization of party voters in every county in the state. Meetings of leaders of the party will be held in many towns; one being scheduled for DuBois, and efforts will be made to crystallize Progressive sentiment and demonstrate to the public that it is only through the Washingtton party that the state of Pennsylvania can be wrested from the control of the corrupt and contented bosses who seek to gain political profit at the expense of the people.

The Washington party will put forth its best endeavors toward defeating Boise Penrose for reelection to the United States senate, believing that there are voters enough in the state who have become disgusted with the course Penrose has pursued to bring about his defeat. There is a strong anti-Penrose sentiment in every county in the state, and if this sentiment can be consolidated at the polls the political career of the Philadelphia boss will be brought to an end. This decider and desirable plan is in the hands of the Washington party county chairmen, and they may be counted upon to see that the people are made acquainted with the political iniquities of Penrose and the other bosses who have ruled Pennsylvania for many years.

Clearfield county stands ready to aid in the overthrow of the boss. The members of the Washington party in this county are on the side of the people and against the bosses, especially those bosses who are united with Penrose in his attempt to still further strengthen his political power in the state. The Clearfield county Washingtons believe in honest government and the perpetuation of the people's rights and they will attract to their supporrt those thousands of other voters who those thousands of othre voters who have grown tired of being bossed by a selfish agent of special privilege. To save the state from further shame and disgrace Penrose must be defeated.

THE CLOUDBURST.

Born mid the crags and spires
Of the lofty mountain peak,
Born mid the lightning's fires,
The dusty plains I seek.

Down through the forest spaces
I rush like an angry steed
'Tis the maddest of all mad races.
Let those in my path take heed.

Where are the bonds to hold me?
Over the banks I foam.
Away from the heights that fosled me
I dash for my sea salt home.

In vain shall they try to head me
My course is clear o'er the plain.
Mark how the bravest dread me—
The avalanche of the rain.
—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

What wealth it is to have such friends that we cannot think of them without elevation Thoreau

ARMY-NAVY GAME UPSET FORECASTS

West Pointers Victory Completed List of Surprises.

BUT A GREAT GAME IT WAS

Thrilling Contest Set in Military Glory and Youthful Warriors Are Wildly Cheered — Nichols, McReavey and Brown Navy Stars, While Pritchard, Merrilat and Wynne Shine For Army.

New York, Dec. 1.—With the Army beating the Navy at the Polo grounds another surprise for the football season, which the game ended, was registered. The midshipmen, with their brilliant record in the early season games, were the favorites, but they were toppled over as Dartmouth was at the Brush stadium when a favorite over the Indians.

These two surprises were as startling to many football followers as the showing made against Princeton after being beaten earlier in the season by Colgate and the showing the Tigers made against Harvard, which many thought would have an easy time disposing of the Orange and Black.

Then came the Cornell-Pennsylvania game, in which the latter gave the average follower of the game a jolt when they triumphed over the Quakers, gaining their second victory over the Red and Blue in the long series.

The Indians paraded through the season with a good record and there are some who claim they are entitled to football honors in the east, but this is the honor Harvard men are claiming for the Crimson. Dartmouth, too, would have been out with a claim to that intangible eastern title had the Green beaten the Indians. This was the only Dartmouth defeat of the season.

Army-Navy Game.

The Army won a glorious victory over the Navy here, the final score being 22 to 9. This was all the more gratifying to the West Pointers in the fact that it was to a large extent unexpected.

The Navy came down with a veteran team which outweighed its rivals by pounds to a man, and the sailor boys were confident of winning.

For a few moments it looked as if their confidence was justified. At the beginning of the game their attack swept the West Pointers before them like chaff before the wind. But the soldiers quickly learned their lesson, rallied and finally forged to the front.

At the beginning of the game it was plainly evident that the soldiers' forwards were playing entirely too high and were therefore unable to hold their heavier opponents. When they got near their own goal line, however, the future generals got low, and from that time on the Navy could do nothing toward tearing the Army line apart.

Oftentimes the sailors gained ground at midfield, but the moment they approached the Army goal their advance ceased. That the sailors scored at all was due to the toe of Brown, their stalwart guard.

The Army on the other hand earned most of its points by rushes through the line and around end, generally preceded or followed by beautiful forward passes. These passes were played as they should be from running formations, and the Navy was unable to break them.

President Wilson There.

President Wilson and party arrived at their box on time. Pandemonium prevailed as soon as the country's chief executive was recognized. Hats were doffed on all sides and cheers of genuine enthusiasm rent the air. The cadets and middies rose en masse and, waving pennants, paid their respects to the president with lusty voices.

With the president were Miss Eleanor Wilson, his daughter; Colonel and Mrs. E. M. House, Dr. Grayson and Secretary Tumulty. The president wore a pearl gray soft hat, a brown fur collared black overcoat. He acknowledged the cordial reception tendered him by rising and bowing as he lifted his hat.

William J. Flynn, chief of the secret service, with half a dozen trusted aids and as many more Central office men in plain clothes, guarded the president

BOY SCIENTIST BLOWN UP.

Louis J. Pooler, Jr., Injured and His Laboratory Wrecked.

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Louis J. Pooler, Jr., the sixteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Pooler of Tuxedo Park, was seriously injured by an explosion that occurred in his laboratory. The force of the explosion hurled the boy from the building, wrecked it and set it on fire. He was unconscious when he was picked up and is now in the Tuxedo hospital in a critical condition. One of his legs was badly mangled.

Young Pooler is a student in the Browning school, in New York city, and his father had a laboratory with all kinds of machinery and electric apparatus erected near his garage. In this the lad was constantly carrying on chemical experiments. The boy was alone at the time of the explosion, and the cause of it is not known.

The Weather.

Fair and colder; moderate to brisk winds

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Straw spent Thanksgiving at McCartney.

Mrs. Barnette spent Thanksgiving in Altoona.

Florence Morgan is in Pittsburgh on business.

Miss Ida and Martha Gulich spent Thanksgiving at Philipsburg.

Miss Mary Urey, of Pittsburgh, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Stayman Reed left yesterday to resume his work at Princeton.

Miss Vera Fulford is visiting relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

Carl Whiteman and his guest, Mr. Herren, left yesterday for State College.

Lawshe Dorr left today to resume his work at Kiskiminetas Spring school.

Leno Edwards is in New Orleans, where he expects to spend several weeks.

Wallace Smith left yesterday for Johnstown, after spending several days at home.

Mrs John Troy and Miss Elizabeth Turner spent several days last week in Philipsburg.

Theodore Mitchell and his guest, Carl Bonbright, left this morning for Kiskiminetas school.

The Misses Delia and Miriam Anderson left yesterday for Evanston, Ill., after spending the past week at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Breck and daughter and Miss Dorothy Stutz, of Sewickley, are visiting at the home of Charles T. Kurtz, on West Front street.

Mrs W. S. Heinen left this morning for her home in Milton, after spending the past two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Norris, on Second street.

Misses Katherine and Mary Elizabeth Krebs, of Ebensburg, left on Saturday for their home, after spending the past week visiting their grandmother, Mrs. D. L. Krebs.

EX-GOVERNOR LADD DEAD.

Former Rhode Island Executive Succumbs to Hemorrhage.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 1.—Herbert W. Ladd, twice governor of the state, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was seventy years old.

Mr. Ladd was a newspaper correspondent at the front in the civil war. Later he entered business here and became the head of a large dry goods house. He was elected governor in 1889, defeated in 1890 and chosen again in 1891. He was the donor of an astronomical observatory to Brown university.

1913 DECEMBER 1913

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

An Accomplished Cow.

According to this advertisement in an English country paper, there is a cow in England which is possessed of rare accomplishments:

"Wanted. — A steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."

JACOBSON'S New and Second Hand Furniture Store

Will save you money on all kinds of Furniture.

Come in and see the nice Furniture we have.

212 Reed St.

Clearfield

Equipped With Every Facility

For handling accounts in a prompt and reliable manner—this bank solicits the business of corporations, firms and individuals.

If you have need for a satisfactory banking service—we can fill it, and also extend to you the protection of our Capital, Surplus and Stockholder's, Liability of over

$600,000.00

Clearfield National Bank

U. S. Depository

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

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WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER XIV.
The Noiseless Death.

RED suddenly made a slight hissing noise that arrested the attention of the others and held them in moveless silence.

"I hear something," he whispered. He went to the keyhole of the door leading into the passage. Then he whispered again, "and it's coming this way."

At the words Garson snapped his fingers. The room was plunged in darkness.

There was absolute silence in the library after the turning of the switch that brought darkness. Long seconds passed, then a little noise—the knob

"I hear something," whispered Chicago Red.

of the passage door turning. As the door swung open there came a gasping breath from Mary, for she saw framed in the faint light that came from the single burner in the corridor the slender form of her husband, Dick Gilder.

The next instant he had stepped within the room and Chicago Red had pounced on his victim, the huge hand clapped tight over the young man's mouth. There came a sound of scuffling feet, and that was all. Finally the big man's voice came triumphantly:

"I've got him!"

"It's Dick!" The cry came as a wail of despair from the girl.

At the same moment Garson flashed his torch, and the light fell swiftly on young Gilder, bowed to a kneeling posture before the couch, half throttled by Chicago Red. Close beside him, Mary looked down in wordless despair over this final disaster of the night.

Garson retired a step farther before he spoke his command, so that, though he held the torch still, he, like the others, was in shadow.

"Get away, Red."

The fellow let go his grip.

Freed of that strangling embrace, Dick stumbled blindly to his feet. Then, mechanically, his hand went to the lamp on the table back of the couch. When the mellow light streamed forth he uttered an ejaculation of stark amazement, for his gaze was riveted on the face of the woman he loved.

"Good God!" It was a cry of torture wrung from his soul of souls.

Mary swayed toward him a little, palpitant with fear—fear for herself, for all of them, most of all for him.

"Hush, hush!" she panted warningly. "Oh, Dick, you don't understand!"

"I understand this," he said brokenly at last. "Whether you ever did it before or not, this time you have broken the law." A sudden inspiration

Dick Gilder Throttled by Chicago Red.

on his own behalf came to him. For his love's sake he must seize on this opportunity given of fate to him for mastery.

"You're in my hands now. So are these men as well. Unless you do as I say, Mary, I'll jail every one of them."

"Who's this, anyhow?" Chicago Red demanded.

"I'm her husband," Dick answered. "Who are you?"

"Don't speak any of you," Mary directed. "You mustn't let him hear your voices."

Dick was exasperated by this persistent identification of herself with these criminals in his father's house.

"You men back there!" he cried. "If I give you my word to let every one of you go free and pledge myself never to recognize one of you again, will you make Mary here listen to me? That's all I ask. I want a few minutes to state my case. Give me that. Whether I win or lose, you men go free, and I'll forget everything that has happened here tonight." There came a muffled guffaw of laughter from the big chest of Chicago Red.

"Your safety depends on me," the young man warned. "Suppose I should call for help?"

"You would only call once," Garson said grimly. His hand went to the noiseless weapon in his coat pocket.

"Once would be quite enough."

"You win," Garson said, with a half laugh. He turned to the other men and spoke a command.

"You get over by the hall door, Red, and keep your ears open every second. Give us the office if you hear anything. If we're rushed and have to make a quick getaway see that Mary has the first chance. Get that, all of you?"

Garson turned to Dick.

"Make it quick, remember."

Dick spoke at once, with a hesitancy that betrayed the depth of his emotion.

"Don't you care for me at all?" he asked wistfully.

The girl's answer was uttered with nervous eagerness, which revealed her own stress of fear.

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed.

"I know you do, Mary," he asserted confidently; "a little anyway. Why, Mary, can't you see that you're throwing away everything that makes life worth while? Don't you see that?"

There was no word from the girl. Her breast was moving convulsively.

"Mary, Mary!" he cried. "You've got to change. Don't be so hard. Give the woman in you a chance."

The girl's form became rigid as she fought for self control.

"I am what I am," she said sharply, "I can't change. Keep your promise, now, and let's get out of this."

"You can change," Dick went on impetuously. "Mary, haven't you ever wanted the things that other women have—shelter and care and the big things of life, the things worth while? They're all ready for you now, Mary. And what about me? After all, you've married me. Now, it's up to you to give me my chance to make good. I've never amounted to much. I've never tried much. I shall, now, if you will have it so, Mary—if you'll help me. I will come out all right, I know that; so do you, Mary. Only you must help me. I need you, and you need me. Come away with me."

"No, no! I married you not because I loved you, but to repay your father

"Don't you care for me at all?"

the wrong he had done me. I wouldn't let myself even think of you, and then—I realized that I had spoiled your life."

"No, not spoiled it, Mary! Blessed it! We must prove that yet."

"Yes, spoiled it," the wife went on passionately. "If I had understood, if I could have dreamed that I could ever care— Oh, Dick, I would never have married you for anything in the world!"

"But now you do realize," the young man said quietly. "The thing is done. If we made a mistake it is for us to bring happiness out of that error."

"Oh, can't you see?" came the stricken lament. "I'm a jailbird!"

"But you love me—you do love me, I know!" The young man spoke with joyous certainty, for some inflection of her voice had told the truth to his heart. Nothing else mattered. "But now, to come back to this hole we're in here. Don't you understand at last that you can't beat the law? If you're caught here tonight where would you get off—caught here with a gang of burglars? Why didn't you go to Chicago, as you planned?"

"Planned? With whom?"

"Why, with Burke."

"Who told you that I had arranged any such thing?"

"Burke himself did."

"When?" Mary was standing rigid now, and the rare color flamed in her cheeks. Her eyes were blazing.

"Less than an hour ago."

"Where?"

"In this room."

"What was he doing here?"

"Talking to my father."

The seemingly simple answer appeared the last straw to the girl's burden of frenzied suspicion. Her voice cut fiercely into the quiet of the room.

"Joe, turn on that light! I want to see the face of every man in this room."

The blaze of the chandelier flamed brilliantly over all. Griggs moved stealthily a little nearer the door into the passage.

But Mary's next words came wholly as a surprise.

"Dick," she cried, "what are those tapestries worth?" She pointed toward the draperies that shrouded the great octagonal window.

"Oh, $200 or $300, I suppose," he answered. "Why?"

"Never mind that. How long have you had them, Dick?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"And they're not famous master pieces which your father bought recently from some dealer who smuggled them into this country?"

"I should say not!"

"It's a trick! Burke's done it!" Mary's word came with accusing vehemence.

There was another single step made by Griggs toward the door.

Mary's eye caught the movement and her lips soundlessly formed the name:

"Griggs!"

The man strove to carry off the situation, though he knew well that he stood in mortal peril. He came a little toward the girl who had accused him of treachery.

"He's lying to you!" he cried forcibly, with a scornful gesture toward

Gilder Leaped Toward Garson.

Dick Gilder. "I tell you those tapestries are worth a million cold."

Mary's answer was virulent in its sudden burst of hate.

"You stool pigeon! You did this for Burke!"

"I swear I didn't! I swear it!"

"It's a frameup!" Garson broke in ferociously. His tones came in a deadened roar of wrath.

On the instant, aware that further subterfuge could be of no avail, Griggs swaggered defiance.

"And what if it is true?" he drawled, with a resumption of his aristocratic manner. He plucked the police whistle from his waistcoat pocket and raised it to his lips.

He moved too slowly. Garson had pulled the pistol from his pocket, had pressed the trigger. There came no spurt of flame. There was no sound save perhaps a faint clicking noise. But the man with the whistle at his lips suddenly ceased movement, trembled horribly and in the next instant crashed to the floor, dead.

In the first second of the tragedy Dick had not understood. But the falling of Griggs before the leveled weapon of the other man, there to lie in that ghastly immobility, made him understand. He leaped toward Garson—would have wrenched the pistol from the other's grasp. In the struggle it fell to the floor.

Before either could pick it up Chicago Red called his warning.

"Somebody's opening the front door!"

Garson sprang to the octagonal window as Dick took posession of the pistol.

"The street's empty! We must jump for it! Come on, Mary," he cried.

Already Chicago Red had snapped off the lights of the chandelier, had sprung to the window, thrown open a panel of it and had vanished into the night, with Dacey at his heels. As Garson would have called out to the girl again he was interrupted by Dick:

"She couldn't make it, Garson," he declared coolly and resolutely. "You go. I'll take care of her!"

"If she's caught"— There was an indescribable menace in the forger's half uttered threat.

"She won't be."

"If she is, I'll get you, that's all," Garson said as he dropped out of sight.

CHAPTER XV.
Within the Toils.

THE going of Garson left the room deathly still. Dick turned to Mary and took her hand in his. His arm swept about her in a protecting embrace—just in time or she would have fallen.

A whisper came from her quivering lips. Her face was close to his, else he could not have caught the uncertain murmuring. The muscles of her face twitched. She rested supinely against him as if bereft of any strength of body or of soul. Yet, in the intensity of her utterance, the feeble whisper struck like a shriek of horror.

"I—I—never saw any one killed before!"

Before he could utter the soothing words that rose to his lips, Dick was interrupted by a slight sound at the door. Instantly he was all alert to meet the exigencies of the situation. He stood by the couch, bending forward a little as if in a posture of intimate fondness. He heard the noise again presently, now so near that he made sure of being overheard, so at once he spoke with a forced cheerfulness in his inflection.

"I tell you, Mary," he declared, "everything's going to be all right for you and me. It was bully of you to come here to me like this."

The girl made no response. Dick, in nervous apprehension as to the issue, sought to bring her to realization of the new need that had come upon them.

"Talk to me," he commanded very softly. "They'll be here in a minute. When they come in pretend you just came here in order to meet me. Try, Mary. You must, dearest!" Then again his voice rose to loudness as he continued: "Why, I've been trying all day to see you. And now here we are together, just as I was beginning to get really discouraged. I know my father will eventually"—

He was interrupted by the swift swinging open of the hallway door. Burke stood just within the library, a revolver pointed menacingly.

"Hands up, all of you!" The inspector's voice fairly roared the command.

The belligerent expression of his face vanished abruptly as his eyes fell on Dick standing by the couch and Mary reclining there in limp helplessness.

"What are you doing in this house at this time of night?" Dick demanded. "I recognize you, Inspector Burke. But you must understand that there are limits even to what you can do. It seems to me, sir, that you exceed your authority by such an intrusion as this."

Burke waved his revolver toward Mary.

"What's she doing here?" he asked.

"You forget yourself, Inspector. This is my wife. She has the right to be with me, her husband!"

"Where's your father?" he questioned roughly.

"In bed, naturally," was the answer. "I ask you again, What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"Oh, call your father," Burke directed.

"It's late," Dick objected. "I'd rather not disturb him, if you don't mind." Suddenly he smiled very winningly and spoke with a good assumption of ingenuousness.

"Inspector," he said briskly, "I see I'll have to tell you the truth. It's this: I've persuaded my wife to go away with me. She's going to give all that other sort of thing up. Yes, we're going away together. So, you see, we've got to talk it over. Now, then, inspector, if you'll come back in the morning"—

As he spoke the white beam of the flashing searchlight from the tower fell between the undrawn draperies of the octagonal window. The light startled the inspector again, as it had done once before that same night. His gaze followed it instinctively. So within the second he saw the still form lying there on the floor.

There was no mistaking that awful motionless, crumpled posture. The inspector leaped to the switch by the door and turned on the lights of the chandelier. In the next moment he had reached the door of the passage across the room, and his whistle sounded shrill. His voice bellowed reenforcement to the blast.

"Cassidy! Cassidy!"

Cassidy came rushing in with the other detectives.

"Why, what's it all mean, chief?" he questioned.

"They've got Griggs!" Burke answered. There was exceeding rage in his

"Hands up! All of you!"

voice as he spoke from his kneeling posture beside the body, to which he had hurried after the summons to his aids. "I'll break you for this, Cassidy," he declared fiercely. "Why didn't you get here on the run when you heard the shot?"

"But there wasn't any shot. I tell you, chief, there hasn't been a sound."

Burke rose to his feet. His heavy face was set in its sternest mold.

"You could drive a hearse through the hole they made in him," said Cassidy. Burke wheeled on Mary and Dick. "So," he shouted, "now it's murder! Well, hand it over. Where's the gun?" He nodded toward Dick as he gave his order, "Search him!"

Dick took the revolver from his pocket and held it out.

At this incriminating crisis for the son the father hastily strode into the library. He had been aroused by the inspector's shouting and was evidently greatly perturbed.

"What's all this?" he exclaimed.

Burke in a moment like this was no respecter of persons.

"You can see for yourself," he said grimly to the dumfounded magnate. "So," he went on, with somber menace in his voice, "you did it, young man." He nodded toward the detective. "Well, Cassidy, you can take 'em both downtown. That's all."

The command aroused Dick to remonstrance against such indignity toward she woman he loved.

"Not her!" he cried imploringly. "You don't want her, inspector! This is all wrong!"

"Dick," Mary advised quietly, "don't talk, please."

"What do you expect?" Burke inquired truculently. "As a matter of fact, the thing's simple enough, young man. Either you killed Griggs or she did."

The inspector with his charge made a careless gesture toward the corpse of the murdered stool pigeon. Edward Gilder looked and saw the ghastly, inanimate heap of flesh and bone that had once been a man. He fairly reeled

"You could drive a hearse through the hole they made in him."

at the spectacle, then fumbled with an outstretched hand until he laid hold on a chair, into which he sank helplessly.

"Either you killed him," the voice repeated gratingly, "or she did. Well, then, young man, did she kill him?"

"Good God, no!" Dick shouted, aghast.

"Then it was you!"

"No, no! He didn't!" Mary's words came frantically.

Burke reiterated the accusation.

"One of you killed Griggs. Which one of you did it?" He scowled at Dick. "Did she kill him?"

"I told you no!"

"Well, then," he blustered to the girl, "did he kill him?"

The nod of his head was toward Dick. Then as she remained silent, "I'm talking to you!" he snapped. "Did he kill him?"

The reply came with a soft distinctness that was like a crash of destiny.

"Yes."

Dick turned to his wife in reproachful amazement.

"Mary!" he cried incredulously.

"You'll swear he killed him?" Burke asked briskly.

"Why not?" she responded listlessly.

At this intolerable assertion as he deemed it Edward Gilder sat rigidly erect in his chair.

"God!" he cried despairingly. "And that's your vengeance!"

"I don't want vengeance!—now!" she said.

"But they'll try my boy for murder," the magnate remonstrated, distraught.

"Oh, no, they can't!" came the rejoinder.

"What's the reason we can't?" Burke stormed.

"Because my husband merely killed a burglar. He shot him in defense of his home!"

* * * * * * *

In his office next morning Inspector Burke was fuming over the failure of his conspiracy. He had hoped through this plot to vindicate his authority, so sadly flaunted by Garson and Mary Turner. Instead of this much to be desired result from his scheming the outcome had been nothing less than disastrous.

Some one had murdered Griggs, the stool pigeon. The murder could not go unpunished. The slayer's identity must be determined. To the discovery of this identity, the inspector was at the present moment devoting himself by adroit questioning of Dacey and Chicago Red, who had been arrested in one of their accustomed haunts.

"Come across now!" he admonished. His voice rolled forth like that of a bull of Bashan. He was on his feet, facing the two thieves. His head was thrust forward menacingly, and his eyes were savage.

"I don't know nothin'!" Chicago Red's voice was between a snarl and a whine. "Ain't I been telling you that for over an hour?"

Burke gave Dacey, who chanced to be the nearer of the two, a shove that sent the fellow staggering halfway across the room under its impetus.

"Dacey, how long have you been out?"

"A week."

"Want to go back for another stretch?"

"God, no!"

"Who shot Griggs?"

The reply was a chorus from the two:

"I don't know—honest, I don't!"

In his eagerness Chicago Red moved toward his questioner.

"Honest to Gawd, I don't know nothin' about it!"

The inspector's fist shot out toward Chicago Red's jaw. The thief went to his knees under the blow.

"Now, get up—and talk!" Burke's voice came with unrepentant relentment against the stricken man.

Cringingly Chicago Red obeyed so far as the getting to his feet was concerned. While he got slowly to his feet he took care to keep at a respectful distance from the official.

Cassidy entered the inspector's office to announce the arrival of the district attorney.

"Send 'im in," Burke directed. He made a gesture toward the doorman and added, "Take 'em back!"

"I came as soon as I got your message," the district attorney said as he seated himself in a chair by the desk. "And I've sent word to Mr. Gilder. Now, then, Burke, let's have this thing quickly!"

The inspector's explanation was concise:

"Joe Garson, Chicago Red and Dacey, along with Griggs, broke into Edward Gilder's house last night. I knew the trick was going to be pulled off, and so I planted Cassidy and a couple of other men just outside the room where the haul was to be made. Then I went away, and after something like half an hour I came back to make the arrests myself. When I broke into the room I found young Gilder alone with that Turner woman he married, and they were just talking together.

"I found Griggs lying on the floor—dead! The Turner woman says young Gilder shot Griggs because he broke into the house. Ain't that the limit?"

"What does the boy say?"

"Nothing. We've got Chicago Red and Dacey, and we'll have Garson before the day's over. And, oh, yes! They've picked up a young girl at the Turner woman's place. And we've got one real clew—for once!" He opened a drawer of the desk and took out Garson's pistol, to which the silencer was still attached.

"You never saw a gun like that before, eh?" he exclaimed. Demarest admitted the fact.

"I'll bet you never did! That thing on the end is a Maxim silencer. There are thousands of them in use on rifles, but they've never been able to use them on revolvers before. That thing is absolutely useless. I've tried it. Well, you see, it'll be an easy thing—easiest thing in the world!—to trace that silencer attachment. Cassidy's working on that end of the thing now!"

(To be Continued.)

Prompt.

Post—A beautiful garden party was given yesterday under the auspices of Lady Black.

Mrs. Newrich — I'll have our landscape architect plant some auspices on our lawn at once.

Labadists of Holland.

There is a sect in Holland known as the Labadists, among whose members the use of mirrors is strictly prohibited. Their founder, Jean de Labadie, a seventeenth century Calvinist minister, attracted many followers, but after his death they dwindled down, and now they are found only in a few remote villages of Friesland. Traveling in Holland in 1866, Lecky lit upon a colony of Labadists. "Intermarrying mainly among themselves," he writes, "they have quite a distinct type—a singularly beautiful one, with their delicate lips and a curious air of refinement. They are fishermen—very prosperous—and their houses, with their china and silver ornaments and prints of the house of Orange and great Bibles with silver clasps and perfectly preternatural neatness, are very interesting to see." London Chronicle.

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SCHEPPS NEW STORY MAY SAVE BECKER

Gables Offer to Devoted Wife of Doomed Man.

New York, Dec 1.—On the eve of the argument before the court of appeals upon which depends the life of former Lieutenant of Police Charles Becker, now in Sing Sing awaiting death for the murder of Herman Rosenthal Sam Schepps has offered counsel or friends of Becker to tell an entirely different story than he told upon the witness stand

Schepps was the most important witness for the state in the conviction of Becker

What he is now willing to swear to is unknown but it is believed that he is willing to make some other than Becker the central figure in the murder of Rosenthal and ameliorate the case of Becker. Without Schepps it has been generally conceded that Becker would not have been convicted.

Schepps is believed to be in Paris and safe from any process of law that would return him to this country. He has opened negotiations with Becker's family to tell his story

Schepps' attorney Bernard H Sandler, said·

"Schepps is in Paris. He is in the moving picture business. Before he left he told me he would not be back in this country for ten years"

This fact has been confirmed by Mrs Becker Before he reached Paris Schepps offered for $2,000 to tell an entirely different story from the one he told on the witness stand but he refused to come back to testify He cannot be brought back

Won Their Pardons.

From the time of the story of Damon and Pythias various reasons for temporary release from jail have been given It is related that in the Napoleonic era a soldier confined in a military prison for a minor offense against the service during a brief time of peace was released in order that he might be present at the christening of his infant son born during his imprisonment But Napoleon, in order to test the intensity of the man's desire, made him agree to serve a year longer for the privilege of a three day furlough The soldier gladly did it and when he returned found a pardon and a corporal's warrant for his infant son, to be valid when the son had "served with credit six months in the emperor's army of the future." Frederick the Great released an audacious captain under sentence of death so that the captain might "tell him a few beneficial things about himself" The things told face to face influenced the great king to pardon the blunt death defying soldier —New York Sun.

Beecher Found Them.

Henry Ward Beecher used to visit his old friends once a year for many years but in the latter part of his life he was not able to do this In his very last year however he was able to spend a day in Indianapolis and went round the place That evening he was received by the ministers and the chairman in welcoming him said

"Doubtless you find few of your old friends here in Indianapolis after so many years of absence but we who are here welcome you just as warmly

Mr Beecher in reply said

"Your chairman has said that I have found few of my old friends here in the city It is true I found only M——, Mr —— and Mr ——, nearly four or five of the old men of the city "But this afternoon we drove out to Cedar Hill" (the cemetery) "and I found them They are all there sleeping just as peacefully as they used to do under my sermons"

Speed of Animals.

According to the naturalists, no animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the famous race horse Sysonby Instantaneous photographs show the full length of one complete stride of about twenty six feet In the stride of the fastest racers the hind quarters and limbs are raised considerably higher than the shoulders and from this relatively great height is brought downward and forward widely separating from each other as a sportsman says 'to avoid striking the fore legs' The hare which is hunted with fast dogs has not in reality the speed of the dog The dog on the other hand does not attain the speed of the horse The giraffe is said to run at the rate of fifteen yards per second under the most favorable conditions The elephant going at a rate of two yards a second carries a weight approximating that carried by six horses

Love and the Man.

Kitty They say you know that love makes the world go round. Marie Maybe so but it cannot make the eligible young men go round Boston Transcript

Mad Audience.

Ham Gee but our audience was mad last night Let Sore eh? Ham —Naw we played at the insane asylum. Stanford Chaparral

FINDS HEIRESS TO $200,000.

Mrs. Griffin Never Saw Father or Knew of His Wealth.

Pittsburgh, Dec 1 — After a long search George A Gamble, an attorney of Logansport, Ind., announced here that in Mrs Eugenia Griffin of Pittsburgh he had found the rightful successor to the $200,000 fortune of the late Isaac N Crawford.

Crawford, who was Mrs Griffin's father left here more than thirty years ago and never saw the daughter to whom in his will he left the principal part of the fortune he accumulated after going to Logansport Mrs Griffin was found by the attorney living at the home of an aunt She had never heard of her father's business success

A Spirit of Rivalry.

"As a matter of hard fact" said Mr Cumrox rather testily "the value of this picture depends on the signature of the old master"

"I must admit it"

"Well my signature is just as valuable as his and it doesn't take me anything like as long to write a check as it took him to paint a picture"—Washington Star

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ROSS & WOODS : : ROSS & WOODS

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions
think. Byron.

When your thoughts turn to good things to eat we want you to remember the "Largest General Store" in Clearfield, with the biggest stock of well selected groceries.

Heinz Food Products.	American Beauty Tomatoes, large size cans 15c
Premier Food Products.	Pure Peanut Butter 15c pound
Bours Coffees and Teas	Loose 3 cr. Raisins, 12 1-2c pound.
Tetleys Teas	Glass Lamps 25c to 75c
Large Stock Dishes	Fancy Lamps $1.75 to $[illegible]
Star Water Glasses $1.35 doz	
Sultana's Raisins 20c pg	

ROSS & WOODS

Geo. W. Johnson

Sanitary Plumbing, Tinning, Heating and Ventilating.

GIVE US A CALL

28 S. SECOND ST.,

CLEARFIELD, - PENN'A

NEW OPERA HOUSE

MONDAY---TUESDAY---WEDNESDAY

Vaudeville and Pictures

"THE CAMPBELLS"

Comedy, Singing, Dancing, Music.

Pictures Changed Daily

For Tonight

The Bond That Binds,	Mating (2 reels)
The Blood Brotherhood	Private Box No. 23

First Show Starts at 7 o'clock

Adults 10c - - - - - - Children 5c

Our new line of Photo plays are great
Have you seen them?

Insist on the **Best**

Mother's Bread

Will fill every requirement

CITY BAKERY

NO. 12 THIRD ST.
Clearfield, Penn'a.

D. F. GUELICH
DEALER IN
...COAL...

Mines close to town. Coal from the famous Moshannon vein, Also other veins suitable for steam and domestic purposes. A postal addressed to D. F. Guelich, Clearfield R F. D. No. 2, will bring you a load of coal promptly H. & C Phone.

Big Reductions on all ladies' millinery and trimmed hats this week.

Robinson & Co
SAVES YOU MONEY

Men's Fleeced lined Underwear 39c. Boys fleece lined underwear 19c This week

Young Man

That Suit or Overcoat is now ready for you at a saving of from $5 to $10.

We can prove it Just call and let us show you the famous A. B. Kirschbaum, and Schloss Bros. & Co., Clothes. Shoes to fit anyone, Furnishings, etc.

Ladies

Our coats will just suit you and the price is lower than any in the county.

Our coats for the children are the newest with belt effect.

Suits at **$11.50** that were $20.00 to $25.00, these are samples and well worth the money.

Shoes of all kinds for the entire family

ROBINSON & COMPANY NEXT TO WINDSOR HOTEL CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

SPORTSMEN'S HEADQUARTERS

A QUARTER

IS the price of a pocket cigar lighter. Small, compact and a sure lighter. The newest article on the market. A household lighter to fasten on the wall 75c. Fancy ash trays with lighter combined $1.50 and $3. No parts to be renewed.

REPAIR SHOP

VISOR COATS

THE latest sweater; one with a combination neck, giving their different type collars. Come in and look at them. Prices from $5 to $6.50 according to weight. Other sweaters $1.25 to $8. We still have a nice stock of shotguns and rifles to select from.

Opposite Witmer Inn HARDER'S GUN WORKS Clearfield, Penn'a

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THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII | Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Monday, December 1, 1913 | Number 95

PEDAGOGUES COMING SOON

County Institute Will Begin on Monday, December 15

PROGRAM OF THE SESSIONS

Instructors of State-Wide Reputation Teach the Teachers and Discuss Educational Matters Generally—Splendid Entertainments Provided for the Evenings, With Fine Music.

The following is the program of the Clearfiled county teacherS' institute, which will open in the opera house, Clearfield, December 15 and close on the 19th.

Monday, December 15, 1:30 P. M.
Devotional Exercises Rev. Bender
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship
Music.
Instruction Dr. Hulley
Music.

Monday Evening, 8:30.
Lecture—"Tragedies of The Unprepared." —Thomas Brooks Fletcher.

Tuesday, December 16, 9 A. M.
Devotional Exercises, Rev. Allenbach
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Deffenbaugh
Music.
Instruction Dr. Hulley
Music.
Instruction Dr. Winship

Tuesday, 1:30 P. M.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Deffenbaugh
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.

Tuesday Evening, 8:30.
Concert, "Concert Choir".

Wednesday, December 17, 9 A. M.
Devotional Exercises, Rev. Reeve.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Deffenbaug
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.

Wednesday 1:30 P. M.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Deffenbaugh
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship.

Wednesday, Evening, 8:30.
Lecture—"America Facing the Far East," Dr. John Merritte Driver.

Thursday, December 18, 9 A. M.
Devotional Exercises, Rev. Reeves.
Music.
Instruction, Prof. Zaner.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship.

Thursday, 1:30 P. M.
Music.
Instruction, Prof. Zaner
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.

Thursday Evening, 8:30.
The Weatherwax Brothers Quartette

Friday, December 19, 9 A. M.
Devotional Exercises, Rev. John.
Music.
Election of Officers.
Instruction, Prof. Zaner.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Hulley.
Music.
Instruction, Dr. Winship.

The instructors for this institute are:

Dr. A. E. Winship, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley, Stetson University, De Land, Fla.

Dr W. S. Deffenbaugh, U. S. Dept. of Education, Washington, D. C

Prof. C. P. Zaner, Zanarian School of Penmanship, of Columbus, Ohio.

Prof. J. W. Yoder, Huntingdon, Pa.

The evening entertainers are: Thomas Brooks Fletcher, Cathedral Choir, Dr. John Merritte Driver, and The Weatherwax Brothers Quartette.

Music will be in charge of Prof. J. W. Yoder, conductor and Miss Alice Smith, pianist.

Executive Institute.

The County W. C. T. U. executive institute will be held at Curwensville, in the Presbyterian church, on Tuesday, Dec. 2. It will be an all day meeting and all who are interested are requested to be present.

Leased Hyde City Hotel.

Chief of Police McHenry has leased the Hyde City hotel and will take charge of that hostelry in a short time.

SINGLETON BELL'S EXPENSES

Paid Out Over $2200 in the Judgeship Campaign.

Singleton Bell, Esq., on Saturday filed the account of his expenditures in the recent judgship contest. Mr. Bell states that he received contrributions amounting to $530, and paid out approximately $2259.05.

The items in Mr. Bell's account include transportation, dissemination of information, printing, etc. He paid $460 for postage and $185 for clerical work.

CIVIL COURT

The frist week of civil court opene at 10 o'clock this morning with Judge Smith on the bench and the uusual arrray of attorneys.

The morning session was taken up with petitions, motions and other preliminary to the regular businses.

The list of causes was read over and only one case, that of Lloyd Harris vs. H. B. Swoope, assumpsit, was marked for trial today.

DR. BENNETT'S FUNERAL

Body Will be Laid by Side of Wife and Son Ash.

The funeral of Dr. Ash Bennett, who died last Saturday, will be held from the residence of his son, Dr. F. Gureney Bennett, on Market street tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be made in Hillcrest cemetery, where his wife and son, Ash, Jr., are buried.

W. I Bennett, the son who resides in Nebraska, has been heard from and is expected to reach Clearfield tonight or tomorrow morning.

AMERICAN CAN CO. SUED AS A TRUST

U. S. Files Suit In Baltimore to Dissolve Corporation.

Baltimore, Dec. 1.—A suit charging conspiracy and violation of the Sherman antitrust law was filed in the United States district court here by the federal government against the American Can company and thirty-four alleged subsidiaries, a number of them Baltimore concerns. The petition asks that the American Can company be dissolved and that the other companies be split into units of a number to be decided by the court.

The writ was brought to Baltimore and delivered to United States District Attorney John Philip Hill by Special Assistant William T. Chantland of the department of justice. It is filed with Judge John C. Rose.

The suit rivals in importance that of the "bathtub trust," which was also brought in Baltimore. The defendants named are: The American Can company, the Sanitary Can company, the Missouri Can company, the Martin Wagner company, the Boston Wharf company, the Max Ams Machine company, the Freeman Duncan Transfer and Realty company, the Hawaiian Pineapple company, limited, the American Sheet and Tin Plate company, Daniel G. Reid and twenty-six other individuals.

The complaint alleges that the defendants restrain interstate and foreign trade in tin cans and are attempting to monopolize the same.

In the latter part of 1901, the petition alleges, a conspiracy was formed among J Hobart Moore, William Henry Moore, Daniel G. Reid, Fred S Wheeler, Henry W. Phelps, William T. Graham, George G. McMurtry and D. Wiley McCaughey for the purpose of restraining trade in the United States by creating a single corporation with large capitalization and buying or leasing the greater portion of the can and can making machinery in the United States.

STEAL $70,000 MAIL POUCH.

Robbers Leave Empty Bag Beside the Track In South Bend.

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 1.—Mail valued at at between $30,000 and $70,000, stolen from an eastbound Michigan Central railroad train near Dowagiac, Mich., was traced to South Bend. No trace of the thieves or missing valuables, however, was found.

The empty mail pouch, according to local postal authorities, was found near the Lake Shore railroad station in this city. The police were notified and are assisting the postal authorities.

Part of the Dressing.

"Hey, waiter," said the fat man; "there's a button in this soup!"

"A button!" exclaimed the waiter. "Oh, yes, sir! We always make our soups out of dressed beef, sir."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WILSON TO READ MESSAGE TUESDAY

Expected to Deal With Mexico and Trust Problem.

REGULAR SESSION BEGINS.

What Was Accomplished During Extra Term and What Is Expected at New Session—Currency and Trusts Perplexing Problems—President's Attitude on Trust Regulation a Secret.

Washington, Dec. 1.—President Wilson's message, which will be sent to congress on the second day of the regular session, is anxiously awaited. It is expected that he will deal with the several matters of vital importance to the welfare of the nation. Chief among these is the Mexican crisis. The trust question and the Sherman law are to be discussed, it is said, with recommendations for changes. Mr. Wilson will also urge immediate passage of a currency bill.

His attitude on the Mexican situation has been clearly defined by previous statements, and his message is expected to reiterate his belief that, if given time, Huerta will break his own neck.

It is likely that he will urge the senate to pass the administration currency bill.

The extra session of the house of representatives ended Saturday at noon.

Longest Extra Session In History.

This has been the longest continuous extra session in the history of congress. With the Democrats in control of both houses congress has passed the lower tariff bill with its provision for an income tax. The house has passed the currency bill, but the senate is still considering it.

Although President Wilson urged the congress to hold itself to the two chief projects—tariff and currency—several other matters of importance have been considered. One was the Newlands law for mediation and conciliation in labor disputes. Under this enactment federal arbitrators were able to avert the threatened strike of trainmen on eastern railroads last summer.

The abolishment of the United States commerce court also was accomplished through an amendment to the deficiency appropriation bill. Another appropriation bill "rider" took out of the classified civil service most of the deputy United States marshals and deputy collectors of internal revenue. Exemption of labor unions from prosecution under the antitrust laws, so far as certain certain funds were concerned, also was accomplished.

The investigating activities of the special session were confined chiefly to lobbying. The lobby inquiry was brought about by the revelations of Colonel Mulhall. There was also an inquiry of the strike in the West Virginia coal fields. The special committees that made these investigations will not report until early next year.

Wilson's Policy a Secret.

Whatever antitrust legislation may be enacted at the forthcoming regular legislative session will be based on ideas which have the approval of President Wilson. Oddly enough, practically nothing is known of the trust policy the president will advocate. Even those who are closely associated with him appear to be in the dark. Mr. Wilson has kept his own counsel.

Reports that the president would base his antitrust recommendations on the so called "seven sisters" bills which were enacted by the New Jersey legislature during the closing months of his term as governor have no foundation traceable to the president himself. In fact, the president has indicated clearly that he has learned much on the subject of controlling combinations since he came to Washington that has brought him to an attitude of an open mind on the subject. He has said that while the seven sisters laws embodied his views their application was to conditions within a state, and he realized that other conditions pertained in the country at large and might require a different method of handling.

Furthermore, the president has shown a disposition to hold in abeyance the formulation of any definite policy pertaining to corporations, and it is evident that he does not intend to lay down the principles upon which he will stand until after he has taken counsel with party leaders.

Not Hounding Corporations.

The Wilson administration has shown no disposition to enter on a drastic and farreaching policy of prosecuting corporations. There has been no lack of prosecutions after evidence has been prepared, but the department of justice has not undertaken to run amuck in proceeding under the law, and there is every reason to believe that it will continue this comparatively conservative course. It is assumed in official circles that policy followed by Attorney General McReynolds has the sympathy of President Wilson. Mr. McReynolds inherited many trust suits which his predecessor started, and these are being handled as rapidly as possible. In only one respect has the attorney general shown a disposition to differ in a major sense from the course pursued by his immediate predecessor in antitrust cases.

FIREMAN SUFFERS STROKE

New York Central Fireman Taken Ill on Engine.

Sunday night J. V. Hepburn, of the West Side, a fireman on the New York Central railroad, was seized with apoplexy while on his engine coming to Clearfield.

Hepburn had hold of one of the stanchions on the engine cab when attacked and when his condition was discovered his fingers had to be pried from the iron rod.

He was taken to his home and a physician attended him.

Gave Bail for Court.

The negro who ran amuck with D. W. Anderson's automobile on Saturday gave bail for his appearance at court on the charge of running a car while he was in an intoxicated condition.

To Plan Reception.

The auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. will meet Tuesday, Dec. 2, at the Y. M. C. A. building. All members are requested to be present to make arrangements for a reception for the new officers; secretary and physical director, also the annual supper.

HOUSEKEEPER GETS ALL OF PROPERTY

Alfonso Logan Wills Everything to Blanche Livingston

The last will and testament of the late Alfonso F. Logan was presented Saturday for probate. The document is not a lengthy one, and is dated October 10, 1913.

Mr. Logan disposes of his property as follows:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath all my property, real, personal and mixed, wherever the same may be found or whatever kind the same may be unto Ola Blanche Livingston, my housekeeper, of the borough of Clearfield, Clearfield county, Pa., or unto her heirs, executors and administrators.

"I give this to her, the said Ola Blanche Livingston, because she has been kind to me and took good care of me."

J. Ward Logan, son of Alfred Logan, and J. R. Logan, son of Harry Logan, nephews of the late Alfonso Logan, have filed with the register and recorder notice protesting the probating of their uncle's will, and unless this protest is withdrawn or otherwise disposed of the will will not be probated.

It is stated that the value of Mr. Logan's property will amount to about $2,000.

He Has Two Signatures.

There is one New York business man who is reasonably proof against the forger, as he has two signatures, and the forger must first get hold of one of his bank checks to get any action. Seeing the signature on a letter or hotel register would do the forger no good. The bank would not recognize it. "I don't particularly fear the forger," the business man admitted, "but my two signatures make me feel safer just the same. I am surprised that everybody doesn't hit on the same plan. It's very easy after you get the knack of signing your name two separate and distinct ways."—New York Globe.

Source of His Information.

"This story of yours is all right," said the editor, "but your description of the hero's automobile is simply impossible. If there was an automobile made as perfect as the one you describe I'd buy one tomorrow. Where in the world did you get your ideas?"

"That was easy," replied the author, "I got my friend Bragley to describe his new car."—Judge.

Ireland.

The population of Ireland in 1841 was 251 to the square mile; now it is 144 only.

Stenographer Wanted—Young man who is efficient in stenography and typewriting may secure a good position by applying at the office of the Chamber of Commerce of Clearfield. Nov. 29. 3t.

HUERTA MAY QUIT IF PRICE IS RIGHT

Said to Be Ready to Yield if Given Big Sum.

WOULD LEAVE THE COUNTRY

O'Shaughnessy Sees Japanese Minister and Moheno, and Latter Visits Lind at Vera Cruz—British Naval Officer, Though Senior in Rank, Accepts Leadership of Rear Admiral Fletcher.

Washington, Dec. 1.—Every event in Mexico is working toward a successful consummation of President Wilson's plan of forcing Huerta to eliminate himself, according to officials of the administration, who stated that the abdication of Huerta is expected daily.

Official dispatches indicate that Huerta has expressed a willingness to retire. The reports added that what was giving Huerta most concern was his future. The Constitutionalists have sworn that they will execute him without trial if they capture him.

Huerta, while recognized as being devoid of physical fear, is said to be willing to leave the country if provided with sufficient money to keep him the rest of his life.

Envoys Hold Conferences.

There are officials here who believe that the conference between O'Shaughnessy and the Japanese minister, and O'Shaughnessy and Minister of Foreign Affairs Moheno, and the latter's trip to Vera Cruz to consult with John Lind, the president's personal representative, have to do with the abdication of Huerta and the relief of the financial stringency in Mexico.

Not only is Huerta feeling the financial strain, but the utilities belonging to the government are suffering. The interest on recent loans to the railroads, all of which are government controlled, is due. About $400,000 is needed at once to pay off this interest. American and English bankers are behind the loans made to the railroads. It is said Huerta will not be aided through the payment of this interest, and, at the same time, it will prevent the roads from becoming bankrupt. It is not known whether any of the conferences have anything to do with the railroads.

There will be no further action with regard to the issuance of new instructions to O'Shaughnessy and Lind until Monday.

Rebels Still Control.

Reports from Tuxpan and Tampico indicated that conditions in those places are quiet, although there is a tightness of money. The revolutionists still are in possession of the oil wells belonging to the Aguila Oil company, the Pearson or Cowdray concern. No damage has been done the property, and General Aguilar the rebel commander, says none will be, but that the wells will be guarded to prevent the railroads used by the federal government from obtaining fuel.

Late dispatches from Tuxpan state that Admiral Fletcher, commanding the American ships, is still there, although the battleship New Hampshire and cruiser Chester have started for Vera Cruz.

The report of friction between Rear Admiral Fletcher and Rear Admiral Cradock, the commander of the British warship Suffolk, was denied at the state and navy departments. It was said that Admiral Fletcher reported that Admiral Cradock had placed himself under Admiral Fletcher, though ranking him in point of seniority, and would follow the latter's suggestions.

No marines will be landed by the foreign warships. Admiral Fletcher has had instructions to permit the landing of American marines and bluejackets only.

WRECK IN ITALY, SEVEN DEAD

Senators and Deputies Aboard Train That Crashes Into Locomotive.

Rome, Dec. 1.—The evening express bound from Rome for Naples ran into a locomotive at Ceccano, and seven passengers were killed and twenty-five wounded.

Several senators and deputies who were returning south after a sitting of parliament were on board the express, but none of them was hurt.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

John E. Soper, fifty-six, a builder in Ozone Park, N. Y., died there at his home

Agnes G. Rose, prominent worker of St. Paul's School For Boys, died at her home in Brooklyn.

Frank M. Bacon, forty-nine, wealthy retired floor contractor, died suddenly at Boston. He lived in Brooklyn.

James Murtha, sixty, engineer at the city pumping station at Ridgewood, N. Y., died at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

William G. Brett, retired shipping agent and vessel owner, died in Brooklyn. He belonged to the Maritime and New York Stock exchanges.

SWEDEN'S PRINCESS.

Rift In Royal Household May Broaden and Cause Separation and Divorce.

There are rumors abroad that the young and beautiful wife of Prince William of Sweden may be separated from her husband by divorce. The prince is the second son of King Gustave of Sweden and is twenty-nine years old. She is twenty-three and before her marriage was Grand Duchess Marie Paylonna, daughter of Grand Duke Paul Alexander Alexandrovitch of Russia and cousin of the czar. The couple have one child four years old. This is the latest photograph of the princess and her son.

CONGRESS TRIES TO LOWER LIVING COST

Seeks to Punish Those Responsible For High Prices.

Washington, Dec. 1.—Official opinion in Washington as expressed by cabinet officers and members of the senate and house, is that the government must at once take energetic steps to bring down the high cost of living.

Secretary Daniels has refused to accept the arbitrary prices demanded by the trusts both for food and steel supplies for the navy. He has brought them to terms by going into the open market. The public demands that it be given similar opportunity.

Already aggressive measures have been taken, and the people are soon to witness a real prosecution of those who artificially have boosted the cost of foodstuffs.

"The beef trust recently attempted to levy tribute on the navy," said Secretary Daniels, "and I refused to permit the extortion. "We made a contract with the Australian packers and saved a neat sum for the navy. The same conditions confronted us in the matter of certain supplies for our ships. The bids of the steel trust were thrown out and negotiations opened with foreign manufacturers until we obtained genuine competition."

The department of justice under Attorney General McReynolds already has set its agents at work in New York and Chicago. Special Agent Offley at the former city is engaged in investigating the egg corner, while Agent Dewoody at Chicago is searching out the activities of the beef trust in maintaining cold storage evils.

Tribute to the Dog.

Whether a dog is the best friend of man cannot be answered by me, but of all the animals which have become domesticated the dog has been shown to be the only one that never knows the difference of caste, class, wealth or habitation. The shriveling, half starved dog, clinging to the wasted tollers in the humblest abode of a hungry family, will never forsake to go next door to the family that has the blue ribboned, silver belled poodle or the fuzz wrapped collie.—Colonel John H. Lewis.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston announced that he is a candidate for reelection. He forwarded his nomination papers to the election commissioners.

Henry Spencer, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Mildred Allison-Rexroat, a Chicago tango instructor, was sentenced by Judge Sluszer to be hanged on Dec. 19.

Three passenger express trains and four fast freight trains were held up over half an hour on the Pennsylvania railroad at Moore's Station, Pa., by a rat. The pest ate the insulation from signal wires.

The mysterious disappearance of an alarm clock from the home of William Neighbors was solved when a goat was rudely awakened by the gong in his stomach. This story hails from St. Louis.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE DAILY PROGRESS

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The Progressive Publishing Co.

Official organ of the Washington Party of Clearfield county.

OFFICERS:

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E. W. Hess, Treasurer.
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Monday, December 1.

COMING EVENTS.

Bazaar, Y. M. C. A. hall, Dec. 6.
County Institute, Dec. 15-19.
Trinity Ladies Aid business meeting, Dec. 4.
Y. M. C. A Womans Auxiliary meet to arrange for reception, Dec. 2.

Good evening! Still in the throes of flitting; we'll be out of the turmoil in a short time. Be patient.

ORGANIZING THE STATE

At a recent meeting of chairmen of the Washington party, held at Harrisburg, arrangements were made for the organization of party voters in every county in the state. Meetings of leaders of the party will be held in many towns; one being scheduled for DuBois, and efforts will be made to crystallize Progressive sentiment and demonstrate to the public that it is only through the Washingtton party that the state of Pennsylvania can be wrested from the control of the corrupt and contented bosses who seek to gain political profit at the expense of the people.

The Washington party will put forth its best endeavors toward defeating Boise Penrose for reelection to the United States senate, believing that there are voters enough in the state who have become disgusted with the course Penrose has pursued to bring about his defeat. There is a strong anti-Penrose sentiment in every county in the state, and if this sentiment can be consolidated at the polls the political career of the Philadelphia boss will be brought to an end. This decider and desirable plan is in the hands of the Washington party county chairmen, and they may be counted upon to see that the people are made acquainted with the political iniquities of Penrose and the other bosses who have ruled Pennsylvania for many years.

Clearfield county stands ready to aid in the overthrow of the boss. The members of the Washington party in this county are on the side of the people and against the bosses, especially those bosses who are united with Penrose in his attempt to still further strengthen his political power in the state. The Clearfield county Washingtons believe in honest government and the perpetuation of the people's rights and they will attract to their supporrt those thousands of other voters who those thousands of othre voters who have grown tired of being bossed by a selfish agent of special privilege. To save the state from further shame and disgrace Penrose must be defeated.

THE CLOUDBURST.

Born mid the crags and spires
Of the lofty mountain peak,
Born mid the lightning's fires,
The dusty plains I seek.

Down through the forest spaces
I rush like an angry steed
'Tis the maddest of all mad races.
Let those in my path take heed.

Where are the bonds to hold me?
Over the banks I foam.
Away from the heights that fosled me
I dash for my sea salt home.

In vain shall they try to head me
My course is clear o'er the plain.
Mark how the bravest dread me—
The avalanche of the rain.
—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

What wealth it is to have such friends that we cannot think of them without elevation Thoreau

ARMY-NAVY GAME UPSET FORECASTS

West Pointers Victory Completed List of Surprises.

BUT A GREAT GAME IT WAS

Thrilling Contest Set in Military Glory and Youthful Warriors Are Wildly Cheered — Nichols, McReavey and Brown Navy Stars, While Pritchard, Merrilat and Wynne Shine For Army.

New York, Dec. 1.—With the Army beating the Navy at the Polo grounds another surprise for the football season, which the game ended, was registered. The midshipmen, with their brilliant record in the early season games, were the favorites, but they were toppled over as Dartmouth was at the Brush stadium when a favorite over the Indians.

These two surprises were as startling to many football followers as the showing made against Princeton after being beaten earlier in the season by Colgate and the showing the Tigers made against Harvard, which many thought would have an easy time disposing of the Orange and Black.

Then came the Cornell-Pennsylvania game, in which the latter gave the average follower of the game a jolt when they triumphed over the Quakers, gaining their second victory over the Red and Blue in the long series.

The Indians paraded through the season with a good record and there are some who claim they are entitled to football honors in the east, but this is the honor Harvard men are claiming for the Crimson. Dartmouth, too, would have been out with a claim to that intangible eastern title had the Green beaten the Indians. This was the only Dartmouth defeat of the season.

Army-Navy Game.

The Army won a glorious victory over the Navy here, the final score being 22 to 9. This was all the more gratifying to the West Pointers in the fact that it was to a large extent unexpected.

The Navy came down with a veteran team which outweighed its rivals by pounds to a man, and the sailor boys were confident of winning.

For a few moments it looked as if their confidence was justified. At the beginning of the game their attack swept the West Pointers before them like chaff before the wind. But the soldiers quickly learned their lesson, rallied and finally forged to the front.

At the beginning of the game it was plainly evident that the soldiers' forwards were playing entirely too high and were therefore unable to hold their heavier opponents. When they got near their own goal line, however, the future generals got low, and from that time on the Navy could do nothing toward tearing the Army line apart.

Oftentimes the sailors gained ground at midfield, but the moment they approached the Army goal their advance ceased. That the sailors scored at all was due to the toe of Brown, their stalwart guard.

The Army on the other hand earned most of its points by rushes through the line and around end, generally preceded or followed by beautiful forward passes. These passes were played as they should be from running formations, and the Navy was unable to break them.

President Wilson There.

President Wilson and party arrived at their box on time. Pandemonium prevailed as soon as the country's chief executive was recognized. Hats were doffed on all sides and cheers of genuine enthusiasm rent the air. The cadets and middies rose en masse and, waving pennants, paid their respects to the president with lusty voices.

With the president were Miss Eleanor Wilson, his daughter; Colonel and Mrs. E. M. House, Dr. Grayson and Secretary Tumulty. The president wore a pearl gray soft hat, a brown fur collared black overcoat. He acknowledged the cordial reception tendered him by rising and bowing as he lifted his hat.

William J. Flynn, chief of the secret service, with half a dozen trusted aids and as many more Central office men in plain clothes, guarded the president

BOY SCIENTIST BLOWN UP.

Louis J. Pooler, Jr., Injured and His Laboratory Wrecked.

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Louis J. Pooler, Jr., the sixteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Pooler of Tuxedo Park, was seriously injured by an explosion that occurred in his laboratory. The force of the explosion hurled the boy from the building, wrecked it and set it on fire. He was unconscious when he was picked up and is now in the Tuxedo hospital in a critical condition. One of his legs was badly mangled.

Young Pooler is a student in the Browning school, in New York city, and his father had a laboratory with all kinds of machinery and electric apparatus erected near his garage. In this the lad was constantly carrying on chemical experiments. The boy was alone at the time of the explosion, and the cause of it is not known.

The Weather.

Fair and colder; moderate to brisk winds

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Straw spent Thanksgiving at McCartney.

Mrs. Barnette spent Thanksgiving in Altoona.

Florence Morgan is in Pittsburgh on business.

Miss Ida and Martha Gulich spent Thanksgiving at Philipsburg.

Miss Mary Urey, of Pittsburgh, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Stayman Reed left yesterday to resume his work at Princeton.

Miss Vera Fulford is visiting relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

Carl Whiteman and his guest, Mr. Herren, left yesterday for State College.

Lawshe Dorr left today to resume his work at Kiskiminetas Spring school.

Leno Edwards is in New Orleans, where he expects to spend several weeks.

Wallace Smith left yesterday for Johnstown, after spending several days at home.

Mrs John Troy and Miss Elizabeth Turner spent several days last week in Philipsburg.

Theodore Mitchell and his guest, Carl Bonbright, left this morning for Kiskiminetas school.

The Misses Delia and Miriam Anderson left yesterday for Evanston, Ill., after spending the past week at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Breck and daughter and Miss Dorothy Stutz, of Sewickley, are visiting at the home of Charles T. Kurtz, on West Front street.

Mrs W. S. Heinen left this morning for her home in Milton, after spending the past two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Norris, on Second street.

Misses Katherine and Mary Elizabeth Krebs, of Ebensburg, left on Saturday for their home, after spending the past week visiting their grandmother, Mrs. D. L. Krebs.

EX-GOVERNOR LADD DEAD.

Former Rhode Island Executive Succumbs to Hemorrhage.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 1.—Herbert W. Ladd, twice governor of the state, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was seventy years old.

Mr. Ladd was a newspaper correspondent at the front in the civil war. Later he entered business here and became the head of a large dry goods house. He was elected governor in 1889, defeated in 1890 and chosen again in 1891. He was the donor of an astronomical observatory to Brown university.

1913 DECEMBER 1913

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

An Accomplished Cow.

According to this advertisement in an English country paper, there is a cow in England which is possessed of rare accomplishments:

"Wanted. — A steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."

JACOBSON'S New and Second Hand Furniture Store

Will save you money on all kinds of Furniture.

Come in and see the nice Furniture we have.

212 Reed St.

Clearfield

Equipped With Every Facility

For handling accounts in a prompt and reliable manner—this bank solicits the business of corporations, firms and individuals.

If you have need for a satisfactory banking service—we can fill it, and also extend to you the protection of our Capital, Surplus and Stockholder's, Liability of over

$600,000.00

Clearfield National Bank

U. S. Depository

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

Capital, Surplus and Profits,	$1,065,000
Total Resources	4,000,000

Commercial Accounts

The commercial accounts of business men are especially welcomed by this bank.

The amount of its invested capital and the extent of its total resources have enabled it in the past to meet the needs of its depositors and insure its ability to do so for the future.

The officers will appreciate an opportunity to discuss your banking needs with you.

ALUMINUM WARE

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware saves fuel and time because it heats evenly and quickly.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware is seamless, can not rust, can not chip or scale, cannot taint food, is easily kept clean.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils cut down labor and time and money so fast that if you once use one you will soon have a whole "Wear-Ever" kitchen.

May we send you a booklet, the "Wear-Ever" kitchen which explains how to improve your cooking? Free upon request.

SPECIAL. To acquaint you with the Wear-Ever line, a one quart handled Sauce Pan regularly selling at 45c for 30c while the stock lasts.

Telephone Orders Given Prompt Attention.

Clearfield Hardware Co.

125 Market Street, Clearfield, Penn'a

THE THRIFTY MAN IS ALWAYS AHEAD

HE is not absolutely dependent upon his pay envelope. He has money put away and when a chance to make some money by a timely purchase turns up, he is ready for it.

BE THRIFTY--Dollars are slippery things, they go through ones fingers before he knows it. The sure way is to open an account with us and the dollars are in a safe place and will not tempt you to spend them.

Clearfield Trust Company

What Live Clubs are Doing In Western Pennsylvania

¶ The Homestead Club is working among the foreigners and trying to safeguard immigrant girls in their places of employment. The Anthony Memorial is the pioneer suffrage club, and the Housekeepers Co-operative Association and the Marketing clnb are working for pure food and a better system of distribution. ¶ Equal pay for equal work is the slogan of the Wage Earners' Political Equality League.

NEW OPERA HOUSE **Friday Eve.**

The Funniest Play Ever Written

"BABY MINE"

By Margaret Mays

Full of laughtre from start to finish

Makes Life Cheerier and Brighter

Special Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1

Seats on sale Thursday at 9 A. M.

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WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER XIV.
The Noiseless Death.

RED suddenly made a slight hissing noise that arrested the attention of the others and held them in moveless silence.

"I hear something," he whispered. He went to the keyhole of the door leading into the passage. Then he whispered again, "and it's coming this way."

At the words Garson snapped his fingers. The room was plunged in darkness.

There was absolute silence in the library after the turning of the switch that brought darkness. Long seconds passed, then a little noise—the knob

"I hear something," whispered Chicago Red.

of the passage door turning. As the door swung open there came a gasping breath from Mary, for she saw framed in the faint light that came from the single burner in the corridor the slender form of her husband, Dick Gilder.

The next instant he had stepped within the room and Chicago Red had pounced on his victim, the huge hand clapped tight over the young man's mouth. There came a sound of scuffling feet, and that was all. Finally the big man's voice came triumphantly:

"I've got him!"

"It's Dick!" The cry came as a wail of despair from the girl.

At the same moment Garson flashed his torch, and the light fell swiftly on young Gilder, bowed to a kneeling posture before the couch, half throttled by Chicago Red. Close beside him, Mary looked down in wordless despair over this final disaster of the night.

Garson retired a step farther before he spoke his command, so that, though he held the torch still, he, like the others, was in shadow.

"Get away, Red."

The fellow let go his grip.

Freed of that strangling embrace, Dick stumbled blindly to his feet. Then, mechanically, his hand went to the lamp on the table back of the couch. When the mellow light streamed forth he uttered an ejaculation of stark amazement, for his gaze was riveted on the face of the woman he loved.

"Good God!" It was a cry of torture wrung from his soul of souls.

Mary swayed toward him a little, palpitant with fear—fear for herself, for all of them, most of all for him.

"Hush, hush!" she panted warningly. "Oh, Dick, you don't understand!"

"I understand this," he said brokenly at last. "Whether you ever did it before or not, this time you have broken the law." A sudden inspiration

Dick Gilder Throttled by Chicago Red.

on his own behalf came to him. For his love's sake he must seize on this opportunity given of fate to him for mastery.

"You're in my hands now. So are these men as well. Unless you do as I say, Mary, I'll jail every one of them."

"Who's this, anyhow?" Chicago Red demanded.

"I'm her husband." Dick answered. "Who are you?"

"Don't speak any of you," Mary directed. "You mustn't let him hear your voices."

Dick was exasperated by this persistent identification of herself with these criminals in his father's house.

"You men back there!" he cried. "If I give you my word to let every one of you go free and pledge myself never to recognize one of you again, will you make Mary here listen to me? That's all I ask. I want a few minutes to state my case. Give me that. Whether I win or lose, you men go free, and I'll forget everything that has happened here tonight." There came a muffled guffaw of laughter from the big chest of Chicago Red.

"Your safety depends on me," the young man warned. "Suppose I should call for help?"

"You would only call once," Garson said grimly. His hand went to the noiseless weapon in his coat pocket.

"Once would be quite enough."

"You win," Garson said, with a half laugh. He turned to the other men and spoke a command.

"You get over by the hall door, Red, and keep your ears open every second. Give us the office if you hear anything. If we're rushed and have to make a quick getaway see that Mary has the first chance. Get that, all of you?"

Garson turned to Dick.

"Make it quick, remember."

Dick spoke at once, with a hesitancy that betrayed the depth of his emotion.

"Don't you care for me at all?" he asked wistfully.

The girl's answer was uttered with nervous eagerness, which revealed her own stress of fear.

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed.

"I know you do, Mary," he asserted confidently; "a little anyway. Why, Mary, can't you see that you're throwing away everything that makes life worth while? Don't you see that?"

There was no word from the girl. Her breast was moving convulsively.

"Mary, Mary!" he cried. "You've got to change. Don't be so hard. Give the woman in you a chance."

The girl's form became rigid as she fought for self control.

"I am what I am," she said sharply, "I can't change. Keep your promise, now, and let's get out of this."

"You can change." Dick went on impetuously. "Mary, haven't you ever wanted the things that other women have—shelter and care and the big things of life, the things worth while? They're all ready for you now, Mary. And what about me? After all, you've married me. Now, it's up to you to give me my chance to make good. I've never amounted to much. I've never tried much. I shall, now, if you will have it so, Mary—if you'll help me. I will come out all right, I know that; so do you, Mary. Only you must help me. I need you, and you need me. Come away with me."

"No, no! I married you not because I loved you, but to repay your father

"Don't you care for me at all?"

the wrong he had done me. I wouldn't let myself even think of you, and then—I realized that I had spoiled your life."

"No, not spoiled it, Mary! Blessed it! We must prove that yet."

"Yes, spoiled it," the wife went on passionately. "If I had understood, if I could have dreamed that I could ever care— Oh, Dick, I would never have married you for anything in the world!"

"But now you do realize," the young man said quietly. "The thing is done. If we made a mistake it is for us to bring happiness out of that error."

"Oh, can't you see?" came the stricken lament. "I'm a jailbird!"

"But you love me—you do love me, I know!" The young man spoke with joyous certainty, for some inflection of her voice had told the truth to his heart. Nothing else mattered. "But now, to come back to this hole we're in here. Don't you understand at last that you can't beat the law? If you're caught here tonight where would you get off—caught here with a gang of burglars? Why didn't you go to Chicago, as you planned?"

"Planned? With whom?"

"Why, with Burke."

"Who told you that I had arranged any such thing?"

"Burke himself did."

"When?" Mary was standing rigid now, and the rare color flamed in her cheeks. Her eyes were blazing.

"Less than an hour ago."

"Where?"

"In this room."

"What was he doing here?"

"Talking to my father."

The seemingly simple answer appeared the last straw to the girl's burden of frenzied suspicion. Her voice cut fiercely into the quiet of the room.

"Joe, turn on that light! I want to see the face of every man in this room."

The blaze of the chandelier flamed brilliantly over all. Griggs moved stealthily a little nearer the door into the passage.

But Mary's next words came wholly as a surprise.

"Dick," she cried, "what are those tapestries worth?" She pointed toward the draperies that shrouded the great octagonal window.

"Oh, $200 or $300, I suppose," he answered. "Why?"

"Never mind that. How long have you had them, Dick?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"And they're not famous master pieces which your father bought recently from some dealer who smuggled them into this country?"

"I should say not!"

"It's a trick! Burke's done it!" Mary's word came with accusing vehemence.

There was another single step made by Griggs toward the door.

Mary's eye caught the movement and her lips soundlessly formed the name:

"Griggs!"

The man strove to carry off the situation, though he knew well that he stood in mortal peril. He came a little toward the girl who had accused him of treachery.

"He's lying to you!" he cried forcibly, with a scornful gesture toward

Gilder Leaped Toward Garson.

Dick Gilder. "I tell you those tapestries are worth a million cold."

Mary's answer was virulent in its sudden burst of hate.

"You stool pigeon! You did this for Burke!"

"I swear I didn't! I swear it!"

"It's a frameup!" Garson broke in ferociously. His tones came in a deadened roar of wrath.

On the instant, aware that further subterfuge could be of no avail, Griggs swaggered defiance.

"And what if it is true?" he drawled, with a resumption of his aristocratic manner. He plucked the police whistle from his waistcoat pocket and raised it to his lips.

He moved too slowly. Garson had pulled the pistol from his pocket, had pressed the trigger. There came no spurt of flame. There was no sound save perhaps a faint clicking noise. But the man with the whistle at his lips suddenly ceased movement, trembled horribly and in the next instant crashed to the floor, dead.

In the first second of the tragedy Dick had not understood. But the falling of Griggs before the leveled weapon of the other man, there to lie in that ghastly immobility, made him understand. He leaped toward Garson—would have wrenched the pistol from the other's grasp. In the struggle it fell to the floor.

Before either could pick it up Chicago Red called his warning.

"Somebody's opening the front door!"

Garson sprang to the octagonal window as Dick took posession of the pistol.

"The street's empty! We must jump for it! Come on, Mary," he cried.

Already Chicago Red had snapped off the lights of the chandelier, had sprung to the window, thrown open a panel of it and had vanished into the night, with Dacey at his heels. As Garson would have called out to the girl again he was interrupted by Dick:

"She couldn't make it, Garson," he declared coolly and resolutely. "You go. I'll take care of her!"

"If she's caught"— There was an indescribable menace in the forger's half uttered threat.

"She won't be."

"If she is, I'll get you, that's all," Garson said as he dropped out of sight.

CHAPTER XV.
Within the Toils.

THE going of Garson left the room deathly still. Dick turned to Mary and took her hand in his. His arm swept about her in a protecting embrace—just in time or she would have fallen.

A whisper came from her quivering lips. Her face was close to his, else he could not have caught the uncertain murmuring. The muscles of her face twitched. She rested supinely against him as if bereft of any strength of body or of soul. Yet, in the intensity of her utterance, the feeble whisper struck like a shriek of horror.

"I—I—never saw any one killed before!"

Before he could utter the soothing words that rose to his lips, Dick was interrupted by a slight sound at the door. Instantly he was all alert to meet the exigencies of the situation. He stood by the couch, bending forward a little as if in a posture of intimate fondness. He heard the noise again presently, now so near that he made sure of being overheard, so at once he spoke with a forced cheerfulness in his inflection.

"I tell you, Mary," he declared, "everything's going to be all right for you and me. It was bully of you to come here to me like this."

The girl made no response. Dick, in nervous apprehension as to the issue, sought to bring her to realization of the new need that had come upon them.

"Talk to me," he commanded very softly. "They'll be here in a minute. When they come in pretend you just came here in order to meet me. Try, Mary. You must, dearest!" Then again his voice rose to loudness as he continued: "Why, I've been trying all day to see you. And now here we are together, just as I was beginning to get really discouraged. I know my father will eventually"—

He was interrupted by the swift swinging open of the hallway door. Burke stood just within the library, a revolver pointed menacingly.

"Hands up, all of you!" The inspector's voice fairly roared the command.

The belligerent expression of his face vanished abruptly as his eyes fell on Dick standing by the couch and Mary reclining there in limp helplessness.

"What are you doing in this house at this time of night?" Dick demanded. "I recognize you, Inspector Burke. But you must understand that there are limits even to what you can do. It seems to me, sir, that you exceed your authority by such an intrusion as this."

Burke waved his revolver toward Mary.

"What's she doing here?" he asked.

"You forget yourself, Inspector. This is my wife. She has the right to be with me, her husband!"

"Where's your father?" he questioned roughly.

"In bed, naturally," was the answer. "I ask you again, What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"Oh, call your father," Burke directed.

"It's late," Dick objected. "I'd rather not disturb him, if you don't mind." Suddenly he smiled very winningly and spoke with a good assumption of ingenuousness.

"Inspector," he said briskly, "I see I'll have to tell you the truth. It's this: I've persuaded my wife to go away with me. She's going to give all that other sort of thing up. Yes, we're going away together. So, you see, we've got to talk it over. Now, then, inspector, if you'll come back in the morning"—

As he spoke the white beam of the flashing searchlight from the tower fell between the undrawn draperies of the octagonal window. The light startled the inspector again, as it had done once before that same night. His gaze followed it instinctively. So within the second he saw the still form lying there on the floor.

There was no mistaking that awful motionless, crumpled posture. The inspector leaped to the switch by the door and turned on the lights of the chandelier. In the next moment he had reached the door of the passage across the room, and his whistle sounded shrill. His voice bellowed reenforcement to the blast.

"Cassidy! Cassidy!"

Cassidy came rushing in with the other detectives.

"Why, what's it all mean, chief?" he questioned.

"They've got Griggs!" Burke answered. There was exceeding rage in his

"Hands up! All of you!"

voice as he spoke from his kneeling posture beside the body, to which he had hurried after the summons to his aids. "I'll break you for this, Cassidy," he declared fiercely. "Why didn't you get here on the run when you heard the shot?"

"But there wasn't any shot. I tell you, chief, there hasn't been a sound."

Burke rose to his feet. His heavy face was set in its sternest mold.

"You could drive a hearse through the hole they made in him," said Cassidy. Burke wheeled on Mary and Dick. "So," he shouted, "now it's murder! Well, hand it over. Where's the gun?" He nodded toward Dick as he gave his order, "Search him!"

Dick took the revolver from his pocket and held it out.

At this incriminating crisis for the son the father hastily strode into the library. He had been aroused by the inspector's shouting and was evidently greatly perturbed.

"What's all this?" he exclaimed.

Burke in a moment like this was no respecter of persons.

"You can see for yourself," he said grimly to the dumfounded magnate. "So," he went on, with somber menace in his voice, "you did it, young man." He nodded toward the detective. "Well, Cassidy, you can take 'em both downtown. That's all."

The command aroused Dick to remonstrance against such indignity toward she woman he loved.

"Not her!" he cried imploringly. "You don't want her, inspector! This is all wrong!"

"Dick," Mary advised quietly, "don't talk, please."

"What do you expect?" Burke inquired truculently. "As a matter of fact, the thing's simple enough, young man. Either you killed Griggs or she did."

The inspector with his charge made a careless gesture toward the corpse of the murdered stool pigeon. Edward Gilder looked and saw the ghastly, inanimate heap of flesh and bone that had once been a man. He fairly reeled

"You could drive a hearse through the hole they made in him."

at the spectacle, then fumbled with an outstretched hand until he laid hold on a chair, into which he sank helplessly.

"Either you killed him," the voice repeated gratingly, "or she did. Well, then, young man, did she kill him?"

"Good God, no!" Dick shouted, aghast.

"Then it was you!"

"No, no! He didn't!" Mary's words came frantically.

Burke reiterated the accusation.

"One of you killed Griggs. Which one of you did it?" He scowled at Dick. "Did she kill him?"

"I told you no!"

"Well, then," he blustered to the girl, "did he kill him?"

The nod of his head was toward Dick. Then as she remained silent, "I'm talking to you!" he snapped. "Did he kill him?"

The reply came with a soft distinctness that was like a crash of destiny.

"Yes."

Dick turned to his wife in reproachful amazement.

"Mary!" he cried incredulously.

"You'll swear he killed him?" Burke asked briskly.

"Why not?" she responded listlessly.

At this intolerable assertion as he deemed it Edward Gilder sat rigidly erect in his chair.

"God!" he cried despairingly. "And that's your vengeance!"

"I don't want vengeance!—now!" she said.

"But they'll try my boy for murder," the magnate remonstrated, distraught.

"Oh, no, they can't!" came the rejoinder.

"What's the reason we can't?" Burke stormed.

"Because my husband merely killed a burglar. He shot him in defense of his home!"

* * * * * * *

In his office next morning Inspector Burke was fuming over the failure of his conspiracy. He had hoped through this plot to vindicate his authority, so sadly flaunted by Garson and Mary Turner. Instead of this much to be desired result from his scheming the outcome had been nothing less than disastrous.

Some one had murdered Griggs, the stool pigeon. The murder could not go unpunished. The slayer's identity must be determined. To the discovery of this identity, the inspector was at the present moment devoting himself by adroit questioning of Dacey and Chicago Red, who had been arrested in one of their accustomed haunts.

"Come across now!" he admonished. His voice rolled forth like that of a bull of Bashan. He was on his feet, facing the two thieves. His head was thrust forward menacingly, and his eyes were savage.

"I don't know nothin'!" Chicago Red's voice was between a snarl and a whine. "Ain't I been telling you that for over an hour?"

Burke gave Dacey, who chanced to be the nearer of the two, a shove that sent the fellow staggering halfway across the room under its impetus.

"Dacey, how long have you been out?"

"A week."

"Want to go back for another stretch?"

"God, no!"

"Who shot Griggs?"

The reply was a chorus from the two:

"I don't know—honest, I don't!"

In his eagerness Chicago Red moved toward his questioner.

"Honest to Gawd, I don't know nothin' about it!"

The inspector's fist shot out toward Chicago Red's jaw. The thief went to his knees under the blow.

"Now, get up—and talk!" Burke's voice came with unrepentant relentment against the stricken man.

Cringingly Chicago Red obeyed so far as the getting to his feet was concerned. While he got slowly to his feet he took care to keep at a respectful distance from the official.

Cassidy entered the inspector's office to announce the arrival of the district attorney.

"Send 'im in," Burke directed. He made a gesture toward the doorman and added, "Take 'em back!"

"I came as soon as I got your message," the district attorney said as he seated himself in a chair by the desk. "And I've sent word to Mr. Gilder. Now, then, Burke, let's have this thing quickly!"

The inspector's explanation was concise:

"Joe Garson, Chicago Red and Dacey, along with Griggs, broke into Edward Gilder's house last night. I knew the trick was going to be pulled off, and so I planted Cassidy and a couple of other men just outside the room where the haul was to be made. Then I went away, and after something like half an hour I came back to make the arrests myself. When I broke into the room I found young Gilder alone with that Turner woman he married, and they were just talking together.

"I found Griggs lying on the floor—dead! The Turner woman says young Gilder shot Griggs because he broke into the house. Ain't that the limit?"

"What does the boy say?"

"Nothing. We've got Chicago Red and Dacey, and we'll have Garson before the day's over. And, oh, yes! They've picked up a young girl at the Turner woman's place. And we've got one real clew—for once!" He opened a drawer of the desk and took out Garson's pistol, to which the silencer was still attached.

"You never saw a gun like that before, eh?" he exclaimed. Demarest admitted the fact.

"I'll bet you never did! That thing on the end is a Maxim silencer. There are thousands of them in use on rifles, but they've never been able to use them on revolvers before. That thing is absolutely useless. I've tried it. Well, you see, it'll be an easy thing—easiest thing in the world!—to trace that silencer attachment. Cassidy's working on that end of the thing now!"

(To be Continued.)

Prompt.

Post—A beautiful garden party was given yesterday under the auspices of Lady Black.

Mrs. Newrich — I'll have our landscape architect plant some auspices on our lawn at once.

Labadists of Holland.

There is a sect in Holland known as the Labadists, among whose members the use of mirrors is strictly prohibited. Their founder, Jean de Labadie, a seventeenth century Calvinist minister, attracted many followers, but after his death they dwindled down, and now they are found only in a few remote villages of Friesland. Traveling in Holland in 1866, Lecky lit upon a colony of Labadists. "Intermarrying mainly among themselves," he writes, "they have quite a distinct type—a singularly beautiful one, with their delicate lips and a curious air of refinement. They are fishermen—very prosperous—and their houses, with their china and silver ornaments and prints of the house of Orange and great Bibles with silver clasps and perfectly preternatural neatness, are very interesting to see." London Chronicle.

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SCHEPPS NEW STORY MAY SAVE BECKER

Gables Offer to Devoted Wife of Doomed Man.

New York, Dec 1.—On the eve of the argument before the court of appeals upon which depends the life of former Lieutenant of Police Charles Becker, now in Sing Sing awaiting death for the murder of Herman Rosenthal Sam Schepps has offered counsel or friends of Becker to tell an entirely different story than he told upon the witness stand

Schepps was the most important witness for the state in the conviction of Becker

What he is now willing to swear to is unknown but it is believed that he is willing to make some other than Becker the central figure in the murder of Rosenthal and ameliorate the case of Becker. Without Schepps it has been generally conceded that Becker would not have been convicted.

Schepps is believed to be in Paris and safe from any process of law that would return him to this country. He has opened negotiations with Becker's family to tell his story

Schepps' attorney Bernard H Sandler, said·

"Schepps is in Paris. He is in the moving picture business. Before he left he told me he would not be back in this country for ten years"

This fact has been confirmed by Mrs Becker Before he reached Paris Schepps offered for $2,000 to tell an entirely different story from the one he told on the witness stand but he refused to come back to testify He cannot be brought back

Won Their Pardons.

From the time of the story of Damon and Pythias various reasons for temporary release from jail have been given It is related that in the Napoleonic era a soldier confined in a military prison for a minor offense against the service during a brief time of peace was released in order that he might be present at the christening of his infant son born during his imprisonment But Napoleon, in order to test the intensity of the man's desire, made him agree to serve a year longer for the privilege of a three day furlough The soldier gladly did it and when he returned found a pardon and a corporal's warrant for his infant son, to be valid when the son had "served with credit six months in the emperor's army of the future." Frederick the Great released an audacious captain under sentence of death so that the captain might "tell him a few beneficial things about himself" The things told face to face influenced the great king to pardon the blunt death defying soldier —New York Sun.

Beecher Found Them.

Henry Ward Beecher used to visit his old friends once a year for many years but in the latter part of his life he was not able to do this In his very last year however he was able to spend a day in Indianapolis and went round the place That evening he was received by the ministers and the chairman in welcoming him said

"Doubtless you find few of your old friends here in Indianapolis after so many years of absence but we who are here welcome you just as warmly

Mr Beecher in reply said

"Your chairman has said that I have found few of my old friends here in the city It is true I found only Mr —, Mr — and Mr — nearly four or five of the old men of the city "But this afternoon we drove out to Cedar Hill" (the cemetery) "and I found them They are all there sleeping just as peacefully as they used to do under my sermons"

Speed of Animals.

According to the naturalists, no animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the famous race horse Sysonby Instantaneous photographs show the full length of one complete stride of about twenty six feet In the stride of the fastest racers the hind quarters and limbs are raised considerably higher than the shoulders and from this relatively great height is brought downward and forward widely separating from each other as a sportsman says 'to avoid striking the fore legs' The hare which is hunted with fast dogs has not in reality the speed of the dog The dog on the other hand does not attain the speed of the horse The giraffe is said to run at the rate of fifteen yards per second under the most favorable conditions The elephant going at a rate of two yards a second carries a weight approximating that carried by six horses

Love and the Men.

Kitty They say you know that love makes the world go round. Marie Maybe so but it cannot make the eligible young men go round Boston Transcript

Mad Audience.

Ham Gee but our audience was mad last night Let Sore eh? Ham —Naw we played at the insane asylum. Stanford Chaparral

FINDS HEIRESS TO $200,000.

Mrs. Griffin Never Saw Father or Knew of His Wealth.

Pittsburgh, Dec 1 — After a long search George A Gamble, an attorney of Logansport, Ind., announced here that in Mrs Eugenia Griffin of Pittsburgh he had found the rightful successor to the $200,000 fortune of the late Isaac N Crawford.

Crawford, who was Mrs Griffin's father left here more than thirty years ago and never saw the daughter to whom in his will he left the principal part of the fortune he accumulated after going to Logansport Mrs Griffin was found by the attorney living at the home of an aunt She had never heard of her father's business success

A Spirit of Rivalry.

"As a matter of hard fact" said Mr Cumrox rather testily "the value of this picture depends on the signature of the old master"

"I must admit it"

"Well my signature is just as valuable as his and it doesn't take me anything like as long to write a check as it took him to paint a picture"—Washington Star

OVERCOATS ! OVERCOATS !

Men's Long Fancy Overcoats Shawl Collars and Convertible Collars --- Grays, Tans, Plaids and Chinchillas

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Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor J. C. Ayer Co. Lowell, Mass.

It is time to be thinking about those Xmas photos. Have the McDowell Studio make them for you. Nov 21—24t.

ROSS & WOODS : : ROSS & WOODS

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions
think. Byron.

When your thoughts turn to good things to eat, we want you to remember the "Largest General Store" in Clearfield, with the biggest stock of well selected groceries.

Heinz Food Products.	American Beauty Tomatoes, large size cans 15c
Premier Food Products.	Pure Peanut Butter 15c pound
Bours Coffees and Teas	Loose 3 cr. Raisins, 12 1-2c pound
Tetleys Teas	Glass Lamps 25c to 75c
Large Stock Dishes	Fancy Lamps $1.75 to $8
Star Water Glasses $1.35 doz	
Sultana's Raisins 20c pg	

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The Blood Brotherhood	Private Box No. 23

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